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PLAYING AT SOLDIERS.

THE VOILEY

1839

EDITED BY MISS LESLIE.



PHILADELPHIA

E. L. CAREY AND A. HART.

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THE VIOLET:

A

CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S

GIFT,

OR

BIRTH-DAY PRESENT.

1889.

EDITED BY MISS LESLIE.

PHILADELPHIA:

E. L. CAREY & A. HART.

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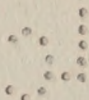
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ADVERTISEMENT.

CONSIDERATIONS arising from the general depression of business, induced the Proprietors of the Violet to defer the publication of a second volume till the year 1839. Now that the prospect is brightening, a continuation of this little work is offered to the juvenile part of our community, with the hope that, as in merit it has lost nothing by delay, in success it will not fall behind its predecessor.

Philadelphia, 1838.

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THE BLOSSOM SPIRIT.

BY MISS C. E. GOOCH.

'Twas in a lovely southern isle
That basks in summer's changeless smile,
And knows not what it is to fear
The chilling blasts of winter drear;
Within this isle there was a dell
Where the rejoicing sunbeams fell,
Peering their way through branching trees,
And gay leaves quiv'ring in the breeze.

Deep in this dell so fair and lone,
To mortal foot untrod, unknown,
Behold the BLOSSOM SPIRIT's throne.

And there — such was their king's decree —
Each sprite attended his levée.

Like mortal kings, their complaints he heard,
And varying gifts on each conferred;
He gave the Tulip's splendid streak;
Made Mignonnette sweet-scented, meek;
And to the Thistle — (well he knew
That none would plant, if none e'er grew!) —
He gave the power to ride the wind,
And in each nook a refuge find.

Yet Envy's sharp, malignant face,
Even in the flow'rets court found place,
Eager from plant to plant she went,
Fanning each spark of discontent:
“Now see,” she cried, “your partial prince
Such fondness for some flowers evince!
The Pink, the Hyacinth, the Rose —
Rich as their scent their beauty glows!”

Amid the discontented throng
Was one, to whom pertains our song;

It was a VIOLET, small and blue,
That near a gorgeous garden grew.
Beneath a hawthorn hedge it smil'd,
Nor knew its bliss in *being wild*;
But envying the showy flowers
That grew within the garden bowers,
Repining at their colours gay —
She fain would be as fine as they!
And thus, with envious low'ring brow,
The Spirit sought the *levée* now.
The astonish'd monarch, wont to see
Her face, aye dress'd in modest glee,
Enquired the cause; no longer mute,
With eager tongue she press'd her suit.

Her sovereign frown'd — "A luckless hour
It is for thee, thou silly flower,
When modest worth thou castest by
To shine in robes of Tyrian dye!
Yet have thy wish, wait till the spring!
And thou shalt be an alter'd thing!"

The eager flowret scarce could stay
Till fanned by genial winds of May;

With what delight did she behold
Her particolour'd leaves unfold!
No longer tinged with modest blue —
Bright yellow three — rich purple two!
Shrinking no more from public view,
Her broad green leaves, shy peeping through;
She flaunted in the sun's broad blaze,
And sought each idle passer's gaze.

But deep vexations soon possess'd
The disappointed Violet's breast;
The Humming Bird and Butterfly
Now unregarded passed her by;
The zephyr sought her bower no more,
And the sweet south wind passed her o'er.
The angry beauty could not guess
Why slighted was her loveliness;
Until a Bee, her former guest,
Alighted on another's breast!
Stung with resentment, she required,
“*Why* were her charms no more admired?”
The Bee replied, in careless tone,
That “Now she pleased the eye alone!”

Dismayed the spirit sought her chief,
And prayed for pity and relief;
But spirits, though above our span,
Are bound by laws, as well as man.
Calmly the King of Flowers replied,
"Violet! thy boon must be denied;
The richest fragrance once was thine,
Which thou exchanged for gaudy shine;
I cannot take what I have given —
To give thee *both* belongs to Heaven!
One boon to sooth thy scentless lot
I give — the name Forget-me-not
Be thine, — and henceforth thou shalt be
The symbol dear to memory.
She who is parting from a friend
Shall o'er the garden borders bend,
Where rich and thick thy blossoms glow,
A fitting token to bestow."

The monarch ceased, and waved his wand,
Nature obeyed the kind command.
"Look on this flower," fond lovers say,
"And think of me!" even to this day.

And thus *Pensée*,* the Norman name
From which our English Pansy came.

PANSY, immortalized the most,
A place in Shakspeare's page can boast;
But those who think that dress has power
O'er female hearts, in hall or bower,
"Ladies-delight" have called the flower.
Fair girl! scan thou my legend well,
And if thou can'st its moral tell —
Oh! let it be thy guardian spell.

* Thoughts.

Washington, D. C.

THE COTTAGER.

BY MRS. L. S. SIGOURNEY.

THERE was a labouring man, who built a cottage for himself and his wife. A dark grey rock overhung it, and helped to keep it from the winds.

When his cottage was finished, he thought he would paint it grey, like the rock. And so exactly did he get the same shade of colour, that it looked almost as if the little dwelling sprang from the bosom of the rock that sheltered it.

After a while, the cottager became able to purchase a cow. In the summer, she picked up most of her own living very well. But in the

winter, she needed to be fed and kept from the cold.

So, he built a barn for her. It was so small, that it looked more like a shed than a barn. But it was quite warm and comfortable.

When it was done, a neighbour came in, and said, "what colour will you paint your barn?"

"I had not thought about that," said the cottager.

"Then I advise you, by all means, to paint it black; and here is a pot of black paint, which I have brought on purpose to give you."

Soon, another neighbour, coming in, praised his neat shed, and expressed a wish to help him a little about his building. "White, is by far the most genteel colour," he added, "and here is a pot of white paint, of which I make you a present."

While he was in doubt, which of the gifts to use, the eldest and wisest man in the village came to visit him. His hair was entirely white, and every body loved him, for he was good, as well as wise.

When the cottager had told him the story of

the pots of paint, the old man said, "he who gave you the black paint, is one who dislikes you, and wishes you to do a foolish thing. He who gave you the white paint, is a partial friend, and desires you to make more show than is wise.

"Neither of their opinions should you follow. If the shed is either black or white, it will disagree with the colour of your house. Moreover, the black paint will draw the sun, and cause the edges of your boards to curl and split;—and the white will look well but for a little while, and then become soiled,—and need painting anew."

"Now, take my advice, and mix the black and white together." So the cottager poured one pot into the other, and mixed them up with his brushes,—and it made the very grey colour, which he liked, and had used before upon his house.

He had in one corner of his small piece of ground, a hop-vine. He carefully gathered the ripened hops, and his wife made beer of them, which refreshed him, when he was warm and weary.

It had always twined around two poles which

he had fastened in the earth, to give it support, But the cottager was fond of building, — and he made a little arbour for it to run upon, and cluster about.

He painted the arbour grey. So the rock and the cottage, and the shed and the arbour, were all of the same grey colour. And every thing around looked neat and comfortable, though it was small and poor.

When the cottager and his wife grew old, they were sitting together, in their arbour, at the sunset of a summer's day.

A stranger who seemed to be looking at the country, stopped and inquired, how every thing around that small habitation happened to be the same shade of grey.

“It is very well it is so, said the cottager, — for my wife and I, you see, are grey also. And we have lived so long, that the world itself looks old and grey to us now.”

Then he told him the story of the black and white paint, — and how the advice of an aged man prevented him from making his little estate look ridiculous when he was young.

“I have thought of this circumstance,” said he, “so often, that it has given me instruction. He who gave me the black paint, proved to be an enemy; and he who urged me to use the white, was a friend. The advice of neither was good.”

“Those who love us too well are blind to our faults,—and those who dislike us, are not willing to see our virtues. One would make us all white,—the other all black. But neither of them are right. For we are of a mixed nature, good and evil, like the grey paint, made of opposite qualities.

“If, then, neither the counsel of our foes, nor of our partial friends, is safe to be taken, we should cultivate a correct judgment, which, like the grey paint, mixing both together, may avoid the evil and secure the good.”

Hartford, Conn.

THE HOLIDAY.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

Oh ! blest art thou, whose steps may rove
Through the green paths of vale and grove,
Or leaving all their charms below,
Climb the wild mountain's airy brow :
And gaze afar o'er cultured plains,
And cities with their stately fanes,
And forests that beneath thee lie,
And ocean mingling with the sky.

MRS. HEMANS.

It was the "*Fourth of July!*" — our national holiday, — and every little boy and girl in Northampton anticipated the delights of a day of freedom and frolicking. The schools were all closed, no lessons or tasks were required; and from sun-

rise till the shades of night came, like the frown of a schoolmaster, to check the merriment,— every one was privileged to be joyous.

Abroad, in the bright sunshine, went troops of children, shouting in wild glee, as they bounded away over the green fields, now plucking fruits or flowers; and then stopping in hushed silence to listen to the warble of some bird, who was darting from tree to tree above their heads; and soon the young voices of the children would be heard singing a response to the glad notes of the birds, or laughing with that ringing merriment which none but happy, innocent hearts can feel and utter.

It was through such a joyous scene, in one of the rich meadows, which borders on the Connecticut, that Mrs. Freeman and her little daughter Lucy were walking. The mother was conducting her child to pass the day with her cousins, who lived about a quarter of a mile beyond the broad meadow which stretched from the garden of Mr. Freeman. Little Lucy was delighted to have her mother walk with her, and she kept prattling every step of the way, asking questions

about the day, and the reason why it was made a holiday. Their mother, the evening previous, had explained these matters to her children, James, and Henry, and Lucy; and the little girl wished to show her mother that she remembered all about it. At last she exclaimed,—

“Look, dear mother, look!—there is John Tracy rolling up the hay—only see how hard he works!”—and the child gazed earnestly in her mother’s face, pulling at the same time the hand that held her tiny fingers in its soft grasp.

“O yes, Lucy, I see John is very busy, turning and shaking the hay about, so that it may dry the sooner. I presume he fears it will rain before night, and that makes him hurry so fast. He is a good, industrious boy, and your father will pay him well for his work,”—said Mrs. Freeman.

“But why does he work to-day?”—asked Lucy, still pulling her mother’s hand. Little children are very apt to fear that their questions will not be heeded, if they do not seem very much in earnest; but they never should show impatience. It is often inconvenient for their mother to answer

their questions as soon as asked; and should she tell them to wait a while, though she may not tell them why they must wait, yet they should not tease her with another word, but be quiet till they see she is quite at leisure; and then, if she does not recollect the question, they may go close up to her side, and ask her, in a soft, pleasant tone of voice, if she has time to answer them then.

Lucy Freeman was usually a quiet little girl, and her mother was always willing to talk with her, — but she now told her not to speak quite so loud, as she again repeated, —

“Why does John work on the holiday, mother?”

“He chooses to work, my child,” said Mrs. Freeman. “He might have gone with your brothers a fishing; but then he would not have earned any money to-day, and he wanted fifty cents, which your father pays him every night when he goes home, to carry to his poor mother — and this is the reason why John works on a holiday.”

“But why do not James and Henry work for you, as John does for his mother?” asked Lucy.

“Because, my love, your father has been blessed with good health, and with many friends; and he had the advantage of an excellent education, and also had some money to begin business with—and he has been prosperous, and now owns houses and lands; and so he can provide every thing that I need or wish for, and can maintain his children without their working while they are young—as that is the best time for them to attend school, and he wishes to give them a good education.”

“But does not John want an education, too, mother?” persisted Lucy.

“O yes; and he ought to have time to attend school, now he is young; but his father is dead, and his mother has three little children, younger than John; and she is sick too, and very poor—and so her son must work for them all. I do wish I could contrive some way to send him to school.”

“O! dear mother, you can send him; I will stay at home and work for his poor mother and

and sisters, and I am sure that James and Henry will give them their pocket-money. Do send John to school," entreated Lucy, the tears swelling into her bright blue eyes, and looking like drops of dew sparkling in the sunshine on the fresh leaves of a violet.

Mrs. Freeman kissed her little daughter, as she said, "I am glad to find, Lucy, that you feel for the poor; I hope, my dear child, that your heart will ever retain these warm, generous emotions; we are always happiest ourselves when we feel kindly towards others, and especially when we seek to do good to the poor and to those who have none to help them."

* * * * *

The holiday was over — the children fatigued with a day of pleasure, had retired, when Mrs. Freeman related to her husband the conversation she had held with Lucy, and described the grief of the little girl, because John could not go to school.

Mr. Freeman replied, not without emotion, "Oh, we may learn much of our duty from the lips of little children, if we will only attend to the simple

wisdom of their remarks. I have been thinking of this matter to-day. When I looked on my own sons, dressed so neatly, and coming from the pleasant school-room to enjoy a bright holiday, and contrasted their situations with that of poor John, who was so patiently toiling in my employ every day, and hardly earning enough to allow himself a sufficiency of coarse food, and the plainest clothing, I felt that I ought, from the abundance with which God has blessed me, to supply more generously his necessities. An education is one of his most pressing wants."

"But can he not attend the free school?" asked Mrs. Freeman.

"Certainly, if he has clothes, books, and food, found him; or, in other words, if he is maintained. But if children at the age of seven or eight are put out to masters, they can have little advantage of the free schools. — I think that every state in the Union should provide, by law, for the education of every child — oblige the inhabitants of every town and county to keep their children at school from the age of four to fourteen — those children who have no parents, or whose parents

are too poor to maintain them at school, should be assisted to do it by the state. And no child should be allowed to go into any service which would prevent him or her from attending school, till they arrive at the specific age. If the rich and intelligent would only take this matter into serious consideration, they would see how necessary this general education is to the preservation of political privileges, our property, and all we hold dearest—and in no other way can the moral improvement of our people be secured.”

“They will have a noble institution in Philadelphia,” remarked Mrs. Freeman—“The Orphans’ College.”

“Ah, yes; Girard’s plan is a glorious one; but what a pity that he did not put it in operation twenty years before his own departure. He would then have had the blessing of the fatherless, and of the dying, around his daily path; and these things would have softened his heart, and given a brighter scene to his bed of death. When will men learn that true happiness consists in doing good while they live—not in leaving a great estate when they die.

SNOW-BALLING ;

OR,

THE CHRISTMAS DOLLAR.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY MISS LESLIE.

"FATHER," said Robert Hamlin (the son of a respectable mechanic in Philadelphia), "to-morrow, you know, is Christmas-day. I suppose that, as usual, you are going to give each of us a present by way of Christmas box. Will you tell me how much each of these presents is to cost?"

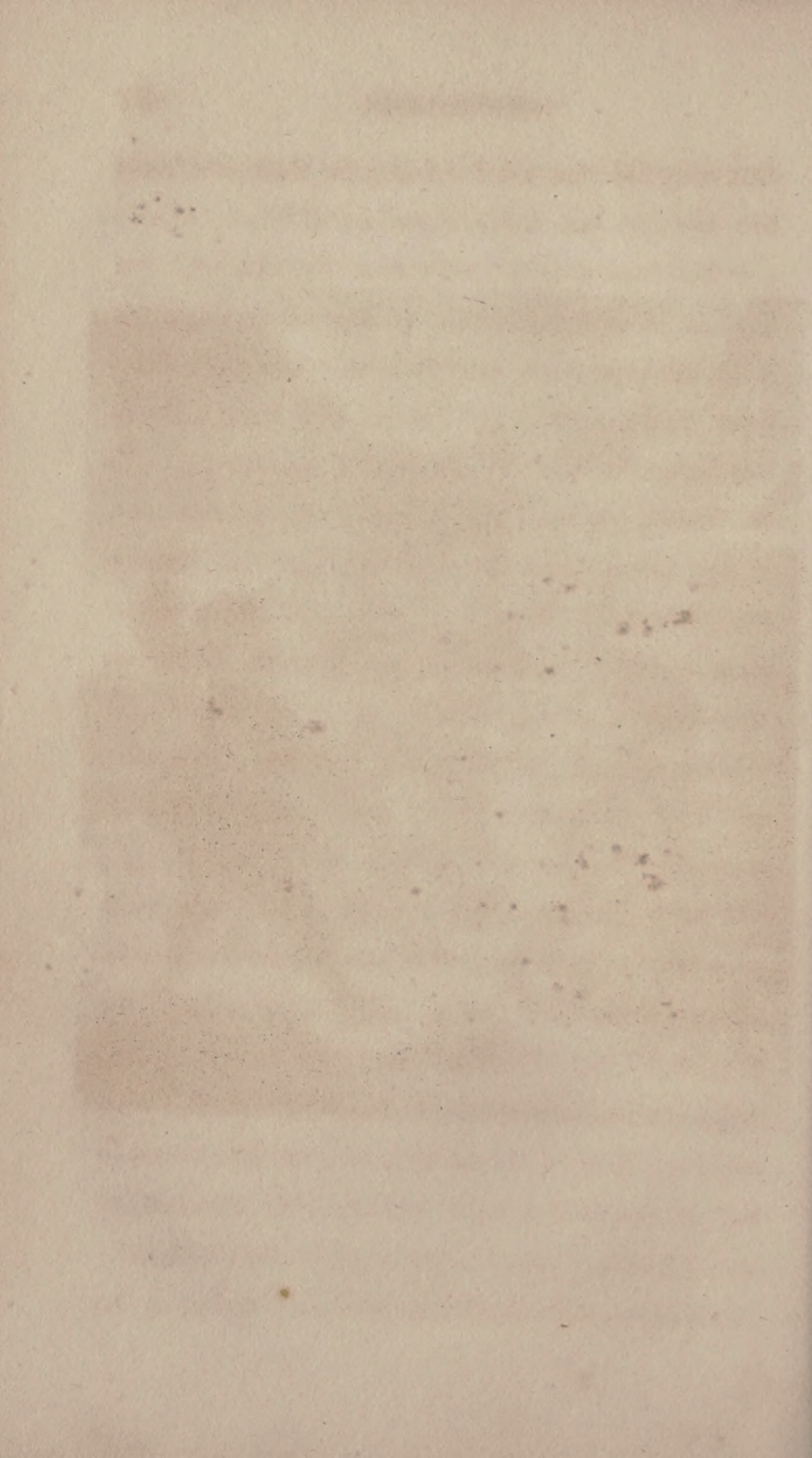
"A dollar each," replied Mr. Hamlin. "As I wish to be consistent in all my expenses, that is as much as I think proper to allot, at present, to each of the Christmas gifts of my five children.



Farrier.

A. Lawson.

SNOW BALLING.



But why did you ask? And now that you know the sum, do you think it too small?"

"Oh! not at all," answered Robert. "I am sure it is quite as much as any of us ought to have, while we are still children; unless, indeed, dear father, you were a very rich man. As to my reason for asking—you know we must always tell the exact truth: so I was going to say, that, if you are quite willing, I would rather, for my part, have the dollar itself, the real silver dollar, than the thing you would buy me with it: whatever that thing might be."

"In plain terms," said Mr. Hamlin, "you wish to have the pleasure of laying out a dollar, exactly according to your own taste."

"That is the fact," replied Robert; "you know I never yet have had a whole dollar at once—never in my life. To be sure, dear father, the Christmas boxes you have heretofore given me, were always very pretty, and very useful, and very sensible, and no doubt this will be the same—but I think I should like to be allowed to spend a dollar, this Christmas, just as I please."

"Very well," said Mr. Hamlin. "I have no

objection to gratify you; therefore, to-morrow, you shall have a dollar, precisely at your own disposal."

"And you will not even *advise* me what to buy with it?" asked Robert.

"I will not even advise you," answered Mr. Hamlin.

The other children (who were all little girls,) preferred the agreeable surprise of finding when they awoke on Christmas morning, their pretty presents waiting for them on a chair by the bedside, and they were all highly delighted with the things their father had selected for them. When the family assembled at the breakfast table, a silver dollar lay on Robert's plate. "Thank you, dear father," said he. "I am sure, when a boy, you must often have found how pleasant it was to have sometimes an opportunity of being happy in your own way."

"Robert," said Mrs. Hamlin, "I have only one caution to give you. It is, that if you lay out that dollar at the confectioners, it will be best not to eat all your sweet things in one day, lest you make yourself sick."

"There is no danger of that, dear mother,"

answered Robert, "for of course I could not possibly buy a whole dollar's worth of sweet things, without giving some of them to any boys of my acquaintance, that I may happen to see — particularly to William Anderson, whose mother, rich as she is, never has a good thing in her house, from one year's end to another."

"Hush," said Mrs. Hamlin, "you must not talk so freely. No doubt, Mrs. Anderson devotes her money to more useful purposes, than in providing what children call good things."

"Well," resumed Robert, "I am glad that Christmas is a holiday, so that I can have the whole day before me, to fix upon the best way of laying out my dollar."

As soon as breakfast was over, our young hero sallied forth into the street, which was filled with persons going to make purchases of Christmas gifts. It was a clear bright morning, and the snow lay glittering in the sunshine. The whole appearance of the central part of the city, was gay and animated, as it always is at this period of the year. Various balls and parties being in prospect, great numbers of ladies were out shop-

ping. The fancy stores were resplendent with elegant ribbons, laces, handkerchiefs, scarfs, and reticules; and the shops for artificial flowers, made a display that rivalled nature in her most blooming season. The windows of the jewellers were even more brilliant than usual. The doors of the toy-shops were surrounded with crowds of children, looking-in admiringly, particularly at Bauersach's, in Market street, where the enormous dolls, habited in satin and gold, were gazed at with longing eyes, by innumerable little girls, who sighed to hear that the prices of these magnificent effigies were not less than twenty dollars; while the boys were equally attracted by the richly caparisoned rocking-horses. The restaurateurs displayed their immense swans, feathered all over with a plumage of lard, in a manner which no one but a French cook could either contrive or execute. Nothing of the kind could be more tempting to the eye and to the palate, than the articles, in endless variety, which filled the windows of the pastry-cooks, whose numerous establishments have made Philadelphia famous as the city of cakes and pies; a character by

which it seems she was distinguished even a century ago, and which she is certainly in no danger of losing.

But the greatest crowd was at Henrion, the confectioner's, whose glittering pagodas, and temples of sugar, and elegant sugar baskets filled with sugar fruit, excited still less admiration than the fidelity to nature, with which, in the same sweet material, were represented objects that were certainly not characterised by their beauty. There were, for instance, in the windows and glass cases, mutton chops, sausages, boiled lobsters, pieces of bacon, cabbages, carrots, loaves of bread, &c., all made of sugar, and coloured to the life; besides, cockroaches, beetles, spiders, and other ugly insects, formed chiefly of chocolate, but looking almost like reality.

Even the confectioners' stalls, at the corners of the street, made an unusual display on account of the season, being decorated with festoons of green cedar and laurel leaves, and with oranges suspended in circles. Their glass jars were replenished anew with sugar candy, mint-stick, peppermint-drops, burnt almonds, chocolate-nuts,

and nougat, and their shelves embellished with ranges of white and gold paper cases, bags, and baskets, filled with sugar plumbs, and tied with bright coloured ribbons; not to mention the well stored boxes of prunes, almonds, and cream-nuts, the drums of figs, the immense bunches of raisins and white grapes, and the huge masses of dates with which these out-door merchants are always supplied. "What a pity it is that a dollar is only a dollar," thought Robert. "I believe I will look no more at the cake and confectionary places." But he was equally tempted by the various pretty things exhibited in the windows of the fancy stationers, particularly by their silver pencils, some of which he found were within the compass of his means. Then the play-bills on the corners, boasted of surpassing attractions; and sleighing seemed so pleasant as he passed a stand of these vehicles, that he was half tempted to bargain with one of the drivers for a dollar's worth.

While Robert was still undecided in what way to make his Christmas box yield him the largest quantity of happiness, he saw at the end of a court or alley some rude boys engaged in snow-

balling, and it was only by dodging behind a cask which stood near a grocery store, that he escaped being struck on the head by one of their missiles. The boys laughed so loudly, and were in such high glee, that Robert's predilection for the sport began to awaken. One of the snow-balls, however, struck the nose of a woman that was standing looking at them, and hurt her severely. Her husband, much incensed, ran out of his house with the tongs in his hand, and put the boys immediately to flight; Robert being glad that he did not belong to them.

On turning the corner, he came opposite to a row of very handsome new houses, in front of which, he saw a party of rather genteel looking boys, engaged also in snow-balling. One of their balls actually *did* hit Robert, and knocked off his leather cap, and he could not resist his inclination to return it. Upon which, he made up a very large, and very hard snow-ball, and threw it, as he supposed, with certain aim; but it missed the boy at whom it was directed, and broke through a window pane of one of the houses, passing over the head of a pretty little girl, who was sitting

near the window, engaged in reading one of the new annuals, and who screamed loudly, and starting up, ran to the back of the room. Robert, frightened at what he had done, flew round the corner to conceal himself in the alley. In the meantime, a black servant man came out on the steps of the house where the window had been broken, exclaiming to the boys—"Ah! you young nimps—only wait till the gentleman comes home—I'll be bound Mr. Cleveland will give you enough of snow-balling, for smashing his rights and property in this way, without leave or license."

"I do not suppose he would have given us leave, even if we had asked him," said one of the boys, laughing.

"It's clear felony," resumed the negro, "and *burglary* too. What's window breaking, but house breaking. Which of you's done this?"

"Do you think we are ninnies enough to tell, old Cuffee?" answered another of the boys.

"No more Cuffee than yourself," cried the black man indignantly. "Arn't my name Virgil Wad-

dington? But only wait till Mr. Cleveland comes home."

"But we won't wait," said the boys; "we are not such fools." — And they all ran off, and were out of sight in a moment.

The lady of the house now called in her servant, reproved him for parleying with the boys, and desired him to go immediately and bring a glazier to replace the broken pane with a new one. The nearest glazier lived in the court into which Robert Hamlin had retreated, and was just coming out of his door, when Mr. Cleveland's servant met him with the message respecting the broken window-glass. It was overheard by Robert, who was standing close by with his head turned from them, looking at the window of a huckster's shop, and apparently engaged in admiring the tumblers of brass thimbles and cotton balls, the hard apples, hanks of coarse tape, tough ginger cakes, bundles of matches, penny primmers, earthen pans, dip candles, and smoked herrings; but in reality, not observing a single article of the whole medley.

The glazier went back into his shop for his tools, and then proceeded towards Mr. Cleveland's house,

with the servant walking a step or two behind, and Robert, who had an invincible desire to know the whole, following unseen. "Was there any other damage done by the snow-ball?" asked the glazier, speaking over his shoulder to Virgil. "Plenty," answered the negro. "Little Miss Emily's head was nearly knocked off; or would, if she had'n't duck'd it. And the big chandelier would have been smash'd to flinders, only it hung too high up. I dare say, every pane in the window was crack'd more or less with the jar and the shake; but one was fairly drove in. I seed it with my own eyes. And the broken glass flew all over one of the ottomans, and would have killed the old cat that always lays there, only that just then he happened to be taking his nap on the hearth-rug. The snow-ball must have been as hard as a stone, from the quantity of snow that was in it, when it fell to pieces all over the carpet. And Mrs. Cleveland's sister, that has the nerves, would have been frightened into strong *asterics*, only she was not at home."

"Well," said the glazier, "it might have been worse. From what I understand, the damage will

only cost the dollar I shall have to charge for putting in the new window pane."

"Are you going to charge a dollar?" asked Virgil.

"To be sure," replied the glazier; "that is the usual price for these large panes of plate-glass. I was old Simon Puttywell's journeyman, when that house of Mr. Cleveland's was built, and Simon and I put in every pane of glass with our own hands. So I know all about them."

Robert Hamlin heard this dialogue with much regret. His parents were sensible and conscientious people; and enlightened by the principles they had instilled into him, he saw in a moment that the gentleman whose window-glass he had broken, ought not to be the loser of a dollar by *his* snow-balling. He began to think that he should not feel satisfied if he spent, in any gratification of his own, the dollar his father had given him for a Christmas box, when it would afford him the means of paying what he now considered his debt to Mr. Cleveland. He became very much troubled, and the sight of the tempting things in

the shop windows now grew tantalizing and painful to him.

Robert went pensively home, and found the family just sitting down to their Christmas dinner. His mother informed him, that they were all invited to spend the evening at his aunt Milrow's, where there was to be a juvenile party. Robert became still more troubled, and felt as if he should not be able to enjoy the party while his mind was so oppressed; and yet he could not resolve to give up all or any of the pleasures that he might procure with his dollar.

"Well, Robert," said his father, "what have you done with your Christmas box?"

"Nothing, as yet," replied Robert; "but I shall fix upon something, in the course of the afternoon."

"True," said his father, smiling. "To one that has never before possessed a whole dollar, it is no doubt a sum of too much magnitude to be hastily disposed of."

Robert blushed, and looked uneasy; and to his mother's great surprise, declined being helped to a second slice of roast turkey; and, more wonderful

still, refused even a first piece of mince-pie, saying, "Mother, I cannot eat any mince-pie now, but perhaps, if you will put a piece by for me, I should like it after awhile. Just now, if you will let me leave the table, I would rather go out again."

"I conclude," said Mr. Hamlin, "you have just been struck with a bright thought as to the disposal of that dollar."

"You have guessed rightly, dear father," replied Robert. "I have now determined exactly what to do with it."

He then departed, and immediately took his way to the residence of Mr. Cleveland. He rang at the door and inquired for that gentleman, who came out immediately.

"Sir," said the boy, colouring and looking confused; "I was so unlucky this morning as to break, with a snow-ball, a pane of glass in one of your parlour windows. I have brought you a dollar (which is my Christmas box,) to pay for the new glass that has been put in."

Mr. Cleveland looked surprised, and paused for a few moments before he replied. "I will take

this money," said he, at length; "my doing so, will enforce more deeply, a salutary lesson as to the consequences that may accrue from the mischievous practice of throwing snow-balls. But you are an honest, and an honourable boy; and I foresee that you will do well in the world. Who is your father? He must have set you a good example. What is his name and yours?"

Robert briefly replied to these questions. — "Ah!" said the gentleman; "I know Mr. Hamlin, from having had work done at his shop, and he has always given me the utmost satisfaction. Come, I must shake hands with you."

Robert smiled, and brushed the tears from his eyes, and having given his hand to Mr. Cleveland, who pressed it kindly, he jumped down the steps with that lightness of heart, which always results from the consciousness of having acted rightly. "After all," thought he, as, on his way home, he tried to reconcile himself to the loss of the pleasures he had expected to derive from his dollar; "the sacrifice is not so great but that I can bear it very well." As he passed the stand of sleighs, in one of which he had thought of taking a dollar

ride; "I am not sure," said he to himself, "that it is not almost as good to hang on behind a sleigh, as to sit *in* one. And then I have an excellent sled, that I made myself."

When he came to De Young's, and saw again the silver pencils, displayed on cards in the window; "they are very pretty," said he; "particularly the one that has little stars all over it; but Tom Randall, who *has* a silver pencil, acknowledges, that on the whole, a good cedar one, with fine lead in it, is much more manageable, and pleasanter to use."

In passing Bauersach's, — "Well," said he, "as fortunately I am not a girl, I have no longing for one of these glittering dolls, and as to the rocking-horses, I am quite too big a boy to derive any pleasure from sitting on a piece of painted wood, that only pitches back and forwards, without ever advancing a step. To see-saw on a common board, is much more amusing, because you make it go up and down with far greater force. Indeed, there are few toys that a boy does not get tired of in ten minutes. And as to Henrion's sugar things, they are certainly very pretty, and very ingenious; but

I doubt if any of them taste as well as they look; and then they are so curiously made, that I should think it a pity to destroy them, by eating them at all."

By this process of reasoning, did our young philosopher endeavour to reconcile himself to the sacrifice of his Christmas dollar to a just sense of the principles of right. When he got home, the family gladly observed that his countenance was wonderfully brightened, and that he was in a state of great satisfaction. "Mother," said he, "I think I can eat my mince-pie, now." "I suppose then," said Mrs. Hamlin, giving him the piece she had set away for him, "by your mind being now at ease, you have gotten rid of your dollar." "I have, indeed," replied Robert. "And how have you disposed of it?" "In paying for a window-glass, that I broke with a snow-ball," said Robert, manfully: and he then related all that had passed.

The eyes of his mother filled with tears, as she kissed him at the conclusion of his little narrative; and she hastily left the room. In a few minutes, she returned with his father, who embraced Robert, and said to him — "My son, I rejoice in you. I

regard this evidence of early integrity, as an earnest of your becoming an upright and honourable man, and one that will dignify the station to which you belong."

"Dear father," said Robert, "nothing that I might have bought with my dollar, or even with a five dollar note, could have given me half the happiness that I feel now. But I will never throw a snow-ball again."

They all went to the party at their aunt Milrow's, where they spent a delightful evening, and where no one was so gay and so pleasant as Robert Hamlin.

From this time, Mr. Hamlin was constantly employed in the line of his business, by Mr. Cleveland, who also recommended to him other customers, and did every thing in his power to promote his interest. He offered to take Robert into his counting-house when he was old enough; but the boy preferred learning the trade of his father; and before he commenced his apprenticeship, Mr. Cleveland made him a present of a very handsome set of working tools to begin with.

THE

ROSE BUD IN AUTUMN.

COME out, pretty rose-bud, my lone, timid one!
Come forth from thy green leaves, and peep at
the sun;

For little he does in these dull autumn hours
At height'ning of beauty, or laughing with
flowers.

His beams, on thy tender young cheek that he
plays,

Will give it a blush which no other can raise.
Thy fine silken petals he'll softly unfold,
And pour in their centre sweet odours and
gold.

I would not instruct thee in coveting wealth;
But beauty, we know is the offspring of health;
And health, the fair daughter of freedom, is
 bright
With feasting on breezes and drinking the
 light.

Then come, pretty bud, from thy covert peep
 out,
And see what the glad, laughing sun is about.
His darts, if they hit thee will only impart,
A grace to thy form, and a sweet to thy heart!

H. F. GOULD.

Newburyport, Mass.

THE

BAD SEAMSTRESS.

MAMMA, I've lost thy thimble,
And my spool has rolled away;
My arms are aching dreadfully,
And I want to go and play.

I've spent a half an hour,
Picking out this endless seam;
So many pieces in a shirt,
Is quite a foolish scheme.

If I could set the fashion,
I know what I would do;
I'd not be troubling people
To sit so long and sew.

I'd put some homespun on their necks,
And sew it all around,
And make them look like cotton bags,
Plac'd endwise on the ground.

I hate to make these button holes;
I do not love to stitch;
My thread keeps breaking all the time,
With just a little twitch.

There's Johnny playing marbles,
And Susan skipping rope,
They have finished all their easy tasks,
Whilst I must sit and mope.

I think, mamma, 'tis very hard,
That you should keep me here,
When the blue sky looks so temptingly,
And the sun is shining clear.

Mamma! She's gone and left me,
And closely locked the door;
Mamma! mamma! come back again,
I will not grumble more.

Oh dear ! how foolish I have been —

Alone I here must stay.

Mamma ! mamma ! come back again,

Forgive your child, I pray.

Alas, she's reached the balcony,

And means not to return ;

Oh, what a look she cast on me,

So sad, and yet so stern.

CAROLINE GILMAN.

Charleston, S. C.

THE BIRTH-DAY BALL;

OR,

THE COUNTRY COUSINS.

“OH! dear, I hope it won’t rain, Mrs. Jones,” said Lucy Smith, to the good-natured housekeeper, as she sat at the window of her father’s handsome house, watching the clouds of an April morning.

“Fear and trembling fan the fires of joy,” and every little white fleecy vapour that passed over the azure of heaven, seemed in her fancy’s eye the precursor of a storm.

“I’ll ask papa, what *he* thinks,” continued she, jumping from her perch on the window frame, as her father entered the breakfast parlour; “I know what you would ask, my love,” said he, (parting the clustering curls on her forehead and kissing it,)

“but you must restrain your impatience. I have scarcely heard another word from your mouth, my darling, since this day week; your earliest salutation being always, ‘good morning, papa, don’t you think it will be clear next Thursday?’ or, ‘Mrs. Jones, you don’t think it will rain next Thursday, do you?’ and the last I hear of you at night, is, ‘good evening, papa, — oh! I do so want a beautiful day, next Thursday.’ But Thursday has arrived at last; and here is as fine a beginning of a day, as you could hope to see. But come, Lucy, the babbling of the urn is calling us; and Mrs. Jones there, looks as if she would have no objection to some breakfast herself.”

While Lucy sits playing with her spoon, (for as to her eating, that was a thing out of the question,) I will tell you, dear reader, why she was so anxious for a clear day. This day, this most momentous of the three hundred and sixty-five, was her tenth birth-day, and her ever indulgent father, had promised her a ball; it was her first, and Lucy felt very much like a woman, indeed. Now, to tell the truth, although a good hearted child, Lucy’s faults were very numerous. But she had

no mother to be a kind monitor to her; no elder sister or brother, to whom she might look for example. Her father could not leave his business to attend to his little girl; and, therefore, he confided her to Miss Miller, her governess, (a fine showy looking woman, who thought more of person, than of mind,) and to Mrs. Jones, the housekeeper; never dreaming that she was in otherwise than excellent hands.

But nothing can compensate for the love of a judicious mother, whose example corresponds with her precepts. Though her governess told her it was wrong for children to be vain, yet whenever Lucy cried, Miss Miller would tell her to wipe her pretty eyes, as crying would make them red, and spoil all their beauty.

Though she told Lucy that it was naughty to take pride in dress, or to think herself superior to others because her father was rich; yet she was continually proposing new finery for her, and talking to her deridingly of those of her friends, whose parents could not afford to array them expensively; so that whatever good might have been done by precept, was undone by the force of

example; and Lucy, even at ten years of age, had a passion for silks, and laces, and jewellery, and her little heart was as elate with pride as with pleasure, at the costly arrangements for her *fête*. In the first place, the parlour carpets were taken up, and the floors chalked to represent wreaths of roses inside of which the cotillions were to be formed. The walls were festooned all round with flowers, as were the large and brilliant chandeliers that glittered in the centre of the ceiling, and the beautiful gilt branches, that supported fancy-coloured wax candles. All was splendour and beauty; and the heart of Lucy was in a tumult of delight and impatience.

As noon approached the sky seemed to get brighter and brighter; and after dinner the frequent cry of "dress me, dress me," or, "I shall be too late," became so wearisome, that Miss Miller, with a black shoe and white stocking on one foot, and a black stocking and white shoe on the other, jumped up in despair, at the uncontrollability of Lucy, who had worked herself into a pet, and flounced and flung at every thing that was done for her: she *would* wear that ribbon,

and she would *not* wear those beads, and she *must* have a laced pocket-handkerchief; and what with her will-ing, and won't-ing, and the loss of an hour, spent in perverseness, Miss Lucy Smith descended into the parlour, in quite an ill-humour; and it was not, 'till troop after troop of her young friends arrived, that the clouds of vexation entirely left her brow.

As soon as the visitors had all assembled, tea was announced, and the whole party adjourned to the eating-room, where good Mrs. Jones sat at the head of the table, in a dark brown silk gown, a neat book-muslin handkerchief spread nicely over her shoulders and pinned at either end to her belt, and a new bobbinet cap tied under the chin with a strip of the same; while Miss Miller sat at the foot, in a green gros-de-Naples, made in the height of the prevailing fashion, with a stiff-looking pointed body, of enormous length, sleeves profusely ruffled from the shoulders to the elbow, a double French-worked collar, fastened with a bow of ribbon, in the centre of which shone a large cameo breast-pin, to match her earrings.

The sides of the table were filled with the happy

little girls, dressed in all colours and costumes, so that it resembled a beautiful garden, full of every variety of flowers.

While the black servants, with silver waiters in their hands, were carrying round the first cups, a coach was heard to stop at the door ; the bell rung, and the master of the house was called out of the room to see a gentleman who had just arrived from a beautiful village in the valley of Wyoming, having under his care two pretty little girls, (one about nine, and the other seven,) that had come on a visit to Lucy. They were her cousins, and the children of her father's sister. Mr. Smith had invited them by letter to come to Philadelphia, as early in the spring as the weather and roads would allow, and pass some weeks with his daughter. The gentleman, (a neighbour of their parents,) having brought the little girls and their baggage to the end of their journey, now delivered them to their uncle, who received them affectionately; and unwilling to disturb the company at the tea-table by calling out Lucy, Mr. Smith consigned his young nieces to one of the maids, who undertook to prepare them for their appearance at the

party, by exchanging their travelling attire, for the handsomest equipments to be found in their trunks.

In a short time, a gentle tap was heard at the eating-room door, and Mr. Smith surmising that the new guests were now ready to be presented, rose and opened it, and then led them in, blushing and smiling, and holding fast by each hand of their uncle.

"I bring you an agreeable surprise, Lucy," said her father. But Lucy thought the surprise any thing but agreeable, on beholding what she considered the unfashionable and countrified dresses of her young cousins. She would have given the world for them to have deferred their visit till after her ball — but was obliged to receive them graciously.

Their uncle placed Mary and Ellen Thomson beside him at table, and introduced them to some very pleasant little girls, whose seats were in their immediate vicinity. And when tea was over the whole company returned to the parlour, and the dancing was commenced to the music of three violins and a tambourine. We are sorry to say

that Lucy, when she saw several foolish and impertinent girls, laughing and whispering about the dresses of the country cousins, rather encouraged than repressed their rudeness.

Ellen and Mary had not yet learned to dance, and, therefore, were obliged to sit still as spectators. Indeed, there was not room for more than one half the company to join in the cotillions, and those that did not soon found it very dull to be mere lookers-on. Mary and Ellen asked some of the little girls that sat near them, if they never "played plays." On being answered that none of them knew any, "That is a pity," said Ellen; "we know a great many, and have a great deal of pleasure in them, when we are at home with our country friends." "Do show us some plays," was the eager request of several little girls who could not dance; and on application to Lucy, she conducted them into the library, where she told them they might have their plays all to themselves: being very glad to get rid for awhile of her country cousins, in what she called their awful dresses. Mary and Ellen Thomson, showed the little girls that had accompanied them to the library a variety

of very amusing plays, such as, "My Ladies Toilet," "Hunt the Slipper," "Stir the Mush," "Track the Rabbit," &c., all of which made them very merry. When they were tired of running about, they played, "How do you like it," and "the Elements;" and other games of a quiet description. Mary and Ellen Thomson gained great favour, by having enabled those that did not dance to pass so pleasant an evening. Indeed, many of the dancers, on discovering what was going on in the library, deserted the ball-room, to take a part in the diversions introduced by the country cousins. Even Lucy herself could not forbear joining them towards the close of the evening, saying to Miss Miller — "After all, country cousins are good for something."

At last, the nice things having been eaten, the plays played, and the dances danced, sleep began to weigh heavily on the eye-lids of the younger children. Fathers and servants came to take them home, and Lucy and her cousins, too tired to talk, went gladly to their beds (which were in the same room,) and never awoke till the full beams of the morning sun darted through the curtains.

Up sprung Mary hastily, for it was seldom, if ever, that such bright rays had visited her in bed.

"There is no hurry for our getting up," said Lucy; "I always lie in bed much later than this, even if I *am* awake: and as we were up till eleven o'clock last night I do not intend to rise till nine."

"But you would not do so, if you lived in the country," said little Ellen, raising her face from the pillow; "if you heard the fowls crowing, and the birds singing, and the little pigs grunting for joy to see the sun again; if you had all these things at hand, I am sure you would be glad to join them."

"What! join the pigs? Oh! Ellen for shame — you do not make companions of *them* surely?" said Lucy, laughing.

"She did not mean to say, that she made companions of them, but she meant that she had joy, and pleasure in seeing them happy. Is not that ~~it~~ Ellen?" asked Mary, tying the little red shoe string round her sister's ankle.

"Well, I was only joking," said Lucy; "and now that you are both up, I believe I may as well rise also."

“Well,” said Mary, “I have often heard that habit is every thing. But for my part I always get up as soon as I am awake. Before this time in the morning, when we are at home, we are dressed and out in the garden, working at our flower beds.”

“That may be very pretty employment,” said Lucy; “but, for my part, as Miss Miller does not care how little she sees of me, and as my breakfast is always kept hot till I am ready for it, I prefer staying in my bed till I am tired lying there.”

To conclude, Lucy soon became delighted with her country cousins, particularly after she had seen them equipped in new dresses, such as were worn in the city; and which their mother had requested Mr. Smith, in a letter, to have procured for them. At the end of a month, their father came to take them home, with an earnest invitation for Lucy to accompany them. Mr. Smith was very willing, and Lucy spent the summer in her uncle’s family, much to her pleasure and improvement. In the mean time Miss Miller was sent away, and a governess of a very different description procured for Lucy; a sensible and amiable

lady from Boston, who completed what had been commenced by her aunt in the country, the conversion of Lucy into a most excellent girl.

C. H. W.

Philadelphia.

INNOCENCE.

I.

THE golden days of Innocence
Were only those when Adam trod
The garden,—mind, and will, and sense,
In sweet subjection to his God.

II.

How swiftly flew those white-winged hours,
Each with some hue of heaven imprest!
How honoured were those Eden bowers,
Where some bright angel oft was guest!

III.

Yet Innocence may still be seen
In childhood's presence. Who can gaze,
Unmoved, upon that brow, serene,
That agile form, those witching ways,

IV.

That playfulness of tiny mirth,
That lively joy—and not confess
That Innocence, still found on earth,
Doth nestle in a child's caress?

V.

And, therefore, when the painter's art
Would sketch its charms in pleasant view,
Revealing the unpractised heart,—
He always shows a child to you.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

Philadelphia.

DROPS OF WATER AND PRISMS.

BY MRS. M. GRIFFITH.

EVERY body has heard of dear Jenny Hart, of the thread-and-needle store. You will find out all about her in the little book called "Camperdown." Well, she married Archy Campbell, and lives in a place called Camperdown; her house is the last in the row, and a very handsome house it is, too. The next one above hers belongs to Mrs. Norton — good aunt Norton, how all the children love her, and why — because she loves the children.

"Letty," said dear Mrs. Campbell, "what makes you so fidgetty; are you afraid that your lesson will detain you too long?"

"Oh, no, mother; but sister Mary thinks she

never can finish hemming the apron, and brother Archy makes such a poor hand at threading needles for her, that he is as good as no help at all. If you would only be so good as to hear me say this lesson once more, I shall not plague you again; and if I know it well enough, then I can help poor sister thread needles; or rather thread all the needles for her."

Mrs. Campbell took the book, and Letty said every word perfectly; so off she flew to her sister, and, in a short time, the two sides and the bottom of the apron were neatly hemmed. Archy, the eldest brother, did his best; but boys are very awkward at threading needles, you know.

Aunt Norton had promised the children to show them the beautiful colours in the prism, and all the wonders of the moss rose. She had such a pleasant way of telling things, that the children, and, indeed, their parents too, found great pleasure in listening to her. In the house next hers, lived Mr. Merry and his family, and next to him lived Mr. Gray and his family, and they all lived in the greatest harmony, and a pleasant little set of children they were. Mrs. Norton — she was Mrs.

Armstrong in the "thread-and-needle store," — encouraged the children to come to her house, at a certain hour every day; and that hour was looked forward to, with great eagerness.

The sun shone brightly, and there lay several little prisms, and one very large one, they were bought of Mr. Feuchtwanger the chemist, in Broadway, New York, and fine ones they were too.

"Oh, aunt Norton, dear aunt Norton, how funny you do look through this prism; why you are three feet broad, and ever so short," said little Jenny Gray.

"And now she looks ever so tall," said Mary Campbell: "and oh! how thin."

"Look at the lawn! do look at the lawn!" said Jasper, a bright blue eyed boy of twelve — son of Jasper Merry. "Did ever any one see such brilliant colours all blended together — let me see if I can count them."

"No, that you cannot," said another little fellow by the name of Barton; "I defy you to count them. Aunt Norton can we count the colours?"

"Yes, my dear, they can be counted; but you must look in the middle of each colour, and begin in that way. What colour do you see at the

bottom? I shall ask you Archy, dear, for you are the oldest, and know something of optics."

"I see the violet at the bottom, shaded off with blue." "No, no," exclaimed several little voices, it is not blue, Archy; "it is some other colour." Mrs. Norton told them that it was indigo, and that blue came next.

"And the next is green," said Archy; "I can tell that colour fast enough; and then comes a beautiful yellow, growing darker and darker."

"Yes; that darkest part is orange, and now what is the last colour?"

"Why, that is red — let me see — violet — ah, the sweet colour, and our nice souvenir is called the 'VIOLET;' — this colour comes first."

"No, Archy," said his sister Letty, "you are out there; for in my glass the red comes first, does it not, aunt Norton?"

"Yes, in your prism it does just now, as you hold it; when you look down the bottom colour is red, but if you raise the prism and look upwards you will find that it is green. Some of the late writers on optics say that there are only four colours, and that all the others are mere shades,

or mixtures of the others. Go on, Archy, and tell the little ones, how many colours there are, and in what order they stand."

"Violet — indigo — blue — green — yellow — orange — red — and the letters at the beginning of each colour when joined together, form the word V i b g y o r — little ones, pray remember this, vibgyor. Aunt, can you tell where colour — all these beautiful colours come from?"

"No, my dear, that I cannot; at one time it was supposed that colour belonged to light, because colour was only seen when light shone on it. Sir Isaac Newton, a great English philosopher, has written a great deal about the colours that you are now looking at. But it is not my intention to say any thing more about the prisms this morning; I want you all to examine these beautiful roses."

The children laid the prisms aside with great reluctance, and Jenny Gray, an intelligent child of twelve years of age, had been in a corner by herself, and was wondering why a change in the position of the prism should make such a change in the lines between the bricks. She was looking at a brick wall.

“Dear aunt Norton, just answer me this one question — look here, when I hold the prism horizontally, I cannot see the vertical lines of the bricks, (I mean the white mortar lines between the bricks,) and when I hold the prism vertically, I can only see the horizontal lines — is it not strange?”

The children all flew to the prisms again, and sure enough it was as young Jenny said. Jenny was named after our old friend, Jenny Hart. Mrs. Norton had never observed the fact, and she thought it worth while to examine it. She looked through all the prisms, thinking that there might be some imperfection in the glass, but they all exhibited the same phenomenon.

“Archy Campbell, your eyes sparkle — have you found out the cause?” said Mrs. Norton.

“No, aunt, not quite found out the cause; but I have found out another thing; only look at the edge of the prism — boys and girls, each take up a glass — Jenny dear, you shall have the first say, because you made the discovery of the lines in the brick. Well, Jenny, what do you see?”

“Why, I see some lines standing out from the edge of the prism, they are not part of the glass,

that is certain ; they appear to be lines made of air, and yet some are a little thicker than others. Oh ! Archy, my finger nail has the same air lines on the edge, and so has this pencil, and so has this hair."

Down went the prisms from each little hand, and every thing was held up to the light. True enough, the children found that these *air lines* surrounded every thing. Even between their fingers, when they held their hand up to the sun, they found the same air lines. They touched the edges of two prisms together, but closely as the glasses met it could not prevent these air lines from being seen. Oh ! what questions poured in upon Mrs. Norton, for this was the most curious thing of all.

Letty Campbell rubbed and rubbed the edges of two prisms together, thinking to make them meet, but it would not do ; there were the provoking air lines still. " Well, I will press the two convex points of these watch crystals together," said the little girl ; " I am sure I can press two such small points together so closely as to push away the air

lines." But closely as she held them together she could not exclude the air lines.

"Why, aunt Norton, these crystals certainly touch, do they not? Here, try them yourself, and look through the two points."

"It is as you say, Letty, the glasses do not touch, you will be very much surprised when I tell you, that unless very great force is used, no two things can come so closely in contact, as to exclude these fringes, or air lines, as you call them. Have you ever seen a drop of water on a cabbage leaf in the morning, before the sun is up?"

"To be sure I have, often and often, and Archy has thrown dust on them, and rolled them over and over."

"Well, Archy, did the dust stick to the drop of water, or did it fall from it on the leaf?"

"Why, it was the most curious thing in the world, my dear aunt I only wish you had been there to see it. I saw some fine large clear drops of water glistening like diamonds, on a cabbage leaf, and I let some of the dust of a bit of straw fall on them; but the dust did not fall off, nor did it break the round drops, for they continued round,

and the dust, as Letty said, stuck fast, although I raised the leaf up a little, so as to make the globules of water move."

"Do you think, Archy, that there are any of these air lines between the lowest point of the drop of water and the leaf?"

"Oh no! I can hardly think there are any there; why the drop could not exist as a drop, unless it rested on the leaf."

"Yes; but did I not tell you just now, that no two bodies, whether great or small, could ever come in contact, unless all air was excluded. Don't you recollect that your father prepared two pieces of lead by smoothing their surfaces very accurately."

"Yes; and they stuck together as closely as if they had been melted into one. But, aunt Norton, I will tell you of another very curious thing; and I showed it to Letty and Mary at the time. I pushed a little strip of straw, about as thick as a cambric needle, into one of the large drops of water, and it went through and through without breaking the drop, and what is more extraordinary, it did not

hinder the drop from rolling over and over on the leaf."

"That is really curious my son, and what is more, I suspect you are the first one that has ever made the experiment. I will add to your wonder, by telling you, that these globules of water never touch the cabbage leaf, nor do those large drops that hang from the leaves of roses in the green-house touch the leaf, although they appear to be attached to them. I have examined them carefully, and I find that there is a perceptible space between the drop and the leaf, and Jenny's air lines occupy the space."

This was indeed a curious fact and excited the childrens' attention. What! a drop of water rolling over and over on nothing — suspended in the air like a balloon, or like the earth. Their eyes spoke volumes, but their tongues had no words to express their astonishment. Mrs. Campbell came in — our dear Jenny Hart — and the children all flew to her with their account of the wonders they had seen and heard.

When Mrs. Campbell was Jenny Hart, and lived with Mr. and Mrs. Martin Barton in the thread-and-

needle store, she had the greatest respect for Mrs. Norton, whose name then was Armstrong. Jenny Hart always said she was a "rock of learning," and although no philosopher herself, yet she saw that there was a great fuss made about philosophers, and so she naturally fell into the habit of respecting them. She never dreamed that a drop of water was any thing but a drop of water; as to its rolling over and over, where was the wonder of that, thought she. But her children seemed very happy, whilst all this was occupying their minds; so dear Jenny Campbell was happy too.

"Oh! if father were but here," said Archy; "and mine," "and mine," said the other little ones.

"Yes;" said Mrs. Campbell, "and whilst you are wishing, dears, why not wish for Hojer Bringle? you must never forget to wish for him. To-morrow is his birth-day, and we are all to dine with him at good grandfather Daly's. Oh! there he comes with something in his hand; there they all come."

And in came the happy parents of these happy children; there stood our old friend Archy Campbell, looking with the tenderest love on his still dear Jenny Hart; and there were Mr. and Mrs. Alfred

Grey, and Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Merry, and old Hosea Bringle. Jenny Hart, when but a shop girl in Mr. Martin Barton's thread-and-needle store, always used to call him Hojer Bringle, and as she called him so still, he was called so by all the people of Camperdown.

"What have you there?" said Mrs. Norton to the pleasant tempered old man.

"Oh! only a few drops of quicksilver; I found them in the bulb of the broken thermometer, and so I thought it might amuse the children to see them rolling about."

"Let us see," said Archy, "here is a fine chance for us; I wonder whether such heavy drops as these touch; here, uncle Hojer, put the quicksilver on this bit of glass."

"Take care," said Mrs. Norton, "take care, or you will lose them, for they are the most volatile things in the world. I have succeeded now in levelling this glass: stand perfectly still all of you; grown people and all. Now, Jenny Grey, kneel down softly and look between the top of the glass and the bottom of the drop of quicksilver."

"Oh, dear! sure enough; there are the air lines,

I can count them, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven. I can count seven."

"Are some of the lines wider apart?" said Archy; "if they are I know something."

"Yes, Archy, some are wider apart, and some are thicker. But what is it you know, Archy?"

"Why, if there are always seven lines, then I think that each line has a colour of its own. Oh! here comes Mr. Parr and our friend Cyrus Parr; welcome here, most welcome, for you can help us through some of our difficulties."

"Yes," said Mrs. Norton; "Mr. Parr has turned his attention to natural science, and he will no doubt throw some light on the subject."

So the children told Mr. Parr and his son Cyrus, all about the drops of water, and the prisms, and the air lines. He asked Jenny Grey to look again at the drop of quicksilver, and see if she could count seven lines. Alas, no! the little girl only saw five; so Archy was sorry that he had not made a discovery. Then Mr. Parr looked through the prism, and saw that when he held it horizontally the vertical mortar lines of the bricks were seen,

but when it was in a vertical position, then the horizontal mortar lines were seen.

“It is as you say,” said Mr. Parr; “and I think there is a very easy solution to be given. Do you not remember our experiment the other night on the brass knob of the door. Archy, you and Alfred Grey were there; which of you was it that guessed right.” The boys could not tell exactly, but they thought it was Cyrus Parr who found out the true cause of the phenomenon.

“How was it?” said Mrs. Norton, who was as earnest in these little matters as the youngest of them all.

Mr. Parr told them that he had breathed on a brass knob which he held in his hand, and whilst the knob was still moist with the breath, he passed his fingers lightly across it, moving them in a horizontal direction, and then the rays of light fell on the knob vertically. When he breathed on the knob again, he passed his hand downward, or in a vertical position, and then the rays of light from the candle fell in horizontal lines.

“I cannot imagine how that can be,” said Letty Campbell; “for it seems most natural that when

horizontal marks are made, the rays of light should find it easier to run in that direction."

"Remember my children," said Mr. Parr, that the brass knob was a ball, and the light only came to a focus or point on one spot. Lightly as my finger touched it, ridges or inequalities were made through the moisture, and it was on the top of these ridges that the rays fell. If the ridges go downwards then the light glances across them, but if the ridges go across the knob, then the ——."

"Oh, yes!" said Archy, "I see it now — but I beg pardon, dear Mr. Parr, for interrupting you."

"Yes," said the children, "we see now." But as Jenny Grey had first discovered the fact, she was allowed the pleasure of telling them that the rays from the horizontal air lines only gave to the pupil of the eye the vertical lines of the mortar between the bricks; and the rays from the vertical air lines only show us those of the horizontal stripes of mortar.

Mr. Parr said, that the rays of light came to a focus on every ridge that had the power of reflecting light; and when the children asked what the word focus meant in the original, he told them that it

meant *fire place* — a spot where the fire centered. They all knew that the focus of a burning glass was that spot where there was the greatest accumulation of heat.

“The children met here to-day,” said Mrs. Norton, “to examine these beautiful moss, cabbage, and altar roses; but the prisms were lying here, and so the little rogues seized on them and learned a chapter in natural science.”

“Natural science, aunt Norton,” said little Willie Merry; “how have we been learning natural science.”

“Why, my little fellow, what do you suppose natural science to be? You have all been investigating some curious natural facts, and have endeavoured to find out why it is so — that is, what is meant by natural science. Our dear little Jenny discovered that the vertical air lines of the prism, only showed the horizontal mortar lines, a discovery of which any great philosopher might be proud. I shall write it all down, and send it to Miss Leslie, that she may publish it in her beautiful little souvenir called the ‘VIOLET.’ ”

Some of the little ones clapped their hands for

joy to think of seeing all this in print, and old Hosea Bringle was as delighted as the children. He said he had never been in a book, and he should like to see how his name stood there.

Mr. Parr smiled and took a book from his pocket. "Look here, uncle Hojer," said he, "here we are, all down in a book, I as well as the rest. Our friend Mr. Allen, has written all about us, and the book is called Camperdown — there's for you. I came over on purpose to bring it to you. There I am at full length, in the 'Surprise,' and there is our best of women, Jenny Hart, in the last story, called the 'Thread-and-needle store.' "

"Oh, mother! are you indeed in the book, and father and grandfather and grandmother, and uncle Hojer, too?"

"Yes, Mary, all of you," said Mr. Parr. Then, up stepped Betty, the girl that belonged to nobody — the girl that was loved by every body — she that slept in one house to night, and in another the night after — a girl without a home, yet having a welcome home in all their hearts.

"And if they told all about dear Miss Jenny Hart, when she lived in the thread-and-needle store,"

said Betty, "perhaps they may have mentioned my name too."

"Yes, Betty, there you are, sure enough, going to church in the same carriage with Mr. Martin Barton and his wife, when they went to church to see their children married."

Dear Mrs. Campbell blushed and laughed, and her manly, fine looking husband stood by her, looking just as fondly on her pleasant face as he did in his days of courtship.

"There is a fine moon to night," said Mrs. Norton; "suppose you all drink tea with me. Mr. Norton will be home then—is he down in the book too, Mr. Parr?"

"Yes," said Mr. Parr; "there he is in very handsome style I assure you;" and Mr. Parr cast a side glance at Mrs. Campbell, who saw it and blushed again. "You are there, too, Mrs. Norton, as a 'rock of learning.'"

"Oh! that was my word," said Mrs. Campbell. "I remember telling some one, that Mrs. Armstrong was a rock of learning."

"Well, then," said Mrs. Norton, "the 'rock of learning' will expect you all at tea—some thirty

or forty we shall be when all together; and the story called the 'Thread-and-needle store,' and the 'Surprise,' shall be read aloud. Here are some fine roses for Mrs. Parr, and aunt Martha; pray bring her along, too, Mr. Parr."

"When shall we hear about the roses, aunt Norton?" said modest little Rosa Grey, who had seen all and heard all, but was the last to speak.

"To-morrow, dear, come all of you to-morrow, and bring your pocket lens, for I think you each have one. I shall show you some wonderful things, depend upon it, when you look at the roses."

So aunt Norton gave each of the children a kiss and a slice of gingerbread, and off they went; the happiest and the merriest little hearts that were ever seen. Old Hosea Bringle staid a few minutes after they were all gone; he wanted to chat a little with Mrs. Norton, who always was ready to talk to him.

"I have often tried to find out which of the children I like best," said he; "but some how or other I wander and wander from one to the other, and cannot make a choice, till I find myself thinking

more and longer about Mrs. Campbell, our dear Jenny Hart that was, than any of the rest."

"Yes; but uncle Hojer, she is no child now, you know. She is upwards of forty years old."

"Is she? dear me; I thought she was only twenty — how time flies; it seems only yesterday, that she told me I should leave off work and play with the two twins — I have done nothing but play ever since. I am seventy-five years old to-morrow."

New York.

TINYTELLA ;

OR,

T H E L O N G C H I N .

A FAIRY TALE.

BY MRS. C. GILMAN.

ALICE SOMERS was an interesting girl, beloved by watchful and affectionate parents. She was perfectly obedient and very useful. No one was more just than Alice in the distributions of the store-room, or adroit in the mysteries of the pantry. The servants knew that coaxing would gain no point with her. Already with ingenuity beyond her years, she could cut clothes for her dolls, and assist her mother. She had but one fault. That, alas ! was a great one. She could not look cheerfully unless she had her own way. While her duties

were faithfully performed her bright eyes would be clouded, not a smile hovered on her lips, and her whole appearance was like that of an overtasked slave rather than a happy daughter.

One day, when Alice was gaily talking over a plate of ground-nuts, her mother requested her assistance in finishing a wrapper for a sick servant. Alice, of course, consented; but a cloud gathered on her brow. She took her work into a corner of the room, and commenced sewing as if her life depended on every stitch. Mrs. Somers began to converse on common topics—Alice was silent. She related a laughable anecdote; not a smile illuminated Alice's brow. She asked her some questions; monosyllables were the only reply. Tired of this unsocial intercourse, her mother withdrew to another apartment. Still Alice sewed on with a face elongated beyond all thought of prettiness; or, in other words, looking sulky.

Sitting in this uncomfortable state of mind, she felt gradually a singular sensation in her chin, and on passing her hand over it, it appeared longer than usual. She resumed her work, trying to look unhappy. Still her chin attracted her, for it cer-

tainly was lengthening. She dropped her work and felt it with both hands, it pushed itself between them. She tried to rise, it was impossible. She attempted to call her mother, her voice seemed chained. Her chin increased every moment, until at length she *saw* it. What a moment of horror, a horror increased by the idea that this was a punishment for looking unkindly on her parents, and teachers! In dreadful alarm and perplexity she gazed wildly around her.

Suddenly she heard a soft fluttering, with delicate tinklings like musical wings; and gliding on a sunbeam, appeared a minute female figure, which floated before her. Her form was chaste and symmetrical as the column of a shell. Her drapery was woven from humming-birds' plumes, and dazzled the eyes of Alice, until they rested on her tiny face, fair as a clematis' blossom peeping from its robe of green. At every motion of her wings, a thousand little bells, musically tuned, rang out a sweet melody; while her feet, white and noiseless as the falling petal of a bay flower, kept time in graceful transitions to their soft harmony.

The music ceased, and a voice still sweeter,

though piercing as the cicada at summer's noon, addressed poor Alice.

“I am Tinytella,” it said, “the friend of children. I know your misfortune and its cause. There is but one cure, — the feeling and smile of good humour.” Her bright blue eyes looked full in Alice's face, her little mouth dimpling like the water in a rose-vase when it receives flowers. Alice smiled. Instantly the frightful deformity disappeared, and she heard the bells of Tinytella tinkling on the distant air.

Charleston, S. C.

"HOPE AND MEMORY."

A YOUNG girl lay on the bed of languishment — disease had marked her for its victim; and the pale cheek and marble forehead told of suffering and despondency. Hope and Memory each occupied a station by the pillow of this once gay and thoughtless being, and each endeavoured to smooth the numbered hours of the afflicted one. Memory would call her to the review of past pleasures graven deeply on the heart, and presented, unmixed with its true portion of sorrow, the by-gone days of her young life; but she knew it was not, as the reality had passed, where mingled the bitter and the sweet, in fair proportions.

Hope on the other hand, held up a bright mirror of joys to come. Of renovated health, of

future delights unmingled (as delusive Hope fondly whispered,) with aught of bitterness in the cup of existence. Love, with his smiling eyes and downy pinions, stood out in bold relief on the picture, and the rosy Pleasures danced with ecstasy in the background. These two were crowned by the beatitudes of eternity — for what cannot Hope promise?

“Give me,” said the feeble girl; “give me even in prospect those beautiful visions, and the torn tablet of Memory, so long my delight, shall be for ever abandoned. What if the scenes of childhood and youth pass from me and return no more? They were born to fade, and already they present with their brightest images much that tells of pain and of repentance.

“But Hope whispers a soft, a soothing tale, for she presents to my view the unfading flowers of future bliss, no less than the bright joys of a present existence.

“For though I have so often delighted in Memory’s gay and vivid portraiture, and clasped to my heart the perfection of young and ardent affections, has not the traitor Fancy wrought in much

of the fair and bright colouring of the picture, and tried all her spells to bind me to her will?

“No! give me Hope, ever cheering and beautiful Hope, and I can even die in the happy conviction, that I shall again meet those I most love.”

L. OF G.

ANONYMOUS.

THE

WHITE MOTH.

BEWARE, pretty moth, so unsullied and white,

Beware of the lamp's dazzling rays!

It is not a drop of the sun, but a light

That shines to allure little rovers by night.

Away! there is death in the blaze!

O, why didst thou dart from thy covert of
green,

The vine round my window so bright,

And pop in to know what was here to be seen,

Forsaking thy shield, and escaping thy screen,

And hazarding life in the flight?

The down on thy limbs and thy bosom so pure
That flame would most fatally singe;
And nothing thy beautiful wings can insure
From ruin and pain beyond mending or cure.
If caught by their delicate fringe.

Return, giddy wanderer, safe to the vine,
And breathe in the free evening air.
Go cling where the leaves the young tendrils
entwine,
At morn as a fair, snowy blossom to shine,
My soft little eaves-dropper there.

And then, by a hymn I will sing, thou shalt know
Why thus I have lifted my arm
To scare thee away from thy luminous foe,
That threw out its beams as a snare, by their show
To win the unwary to harm.

For I through the day am guarded by One,
Who, greater and wiser than I,
Has pitied my frailty, and made me to shun
Illusive temptations, when I might have run
The peril of sporting to die.



R. Farries.

Oscar A. Lawson.

THE OLD SOLDIER.

Printed by D. Stevens.

THE
OLD SOLDIER'S STORY.

BY MRS. HALE.

“AH! boys, I ne’er would check your pastime;
Enjoy the soldier’s merry play—
But ’tis no sport when men are summon’d
To meet in battle’s stern array.

“O! well the moment I remember,
When first my sword was girded on,
I joined the band who fought for freedom,
Led by our noble Washington.

“We crossed the Delaware’s broad waters,
Mid floating ice and drifting snow;
And, shrouded by the gloom of midnight,
We marched to meet the haughty foe.

“Our troops were hungry, cold and weary,
And many a bleeding foot was bare ;
Yet o’er the frozen ground we hurried,
As swift and light as summer air.

“I thought of my dear loving mother,
The parting kiss my sisters gave ;
And then I thought, ere dawn of morning
That I might fill a bloody grave.

“But forward! — not a word was spoken,
Till on the foe our soldiers fell,
And then — yet oh ! the din of battle
No thought can reach, no language tell !

“The cannon booming out like thunder —
The rolling drum — the trumpet’s call —
The rush of steeds — the rifle volley,
Shouts, shrieks, and groans were mingled all.

“We gained the victory, ay, we conquered,
For in a righteous cause we stood —
But many a brave young soldier perished,
And sealed that triumph with his blood.

“And there, the morning sun, uprising,
Shone bright o'er many ghastly forms, —
On the red ground the dead and dying
Lay strewn like trees o'erthrown by stones.

“I lay among them faint and wounded, —
And see! a cripple I remain;
I ne'er could tell you what I suffered,
The ling'ring cure, the dreadful pain!

“Then never dream that war is pleasure, —
The conqueror's glory covet not; —
And oh! may God preserve our country,
And save you from the soldier's lot.

“The poor worn soldier, old and crippled,
Say, what to him is gold or fame?
One prize alone repays his sorrows,
To bear the freeman's honoured name.

“That prize to gain we fought and suffered,
To you the prize in peace is given —
'Tis kept by virtue more than valour, —
Who spurn man's sway must bow to heaven.

“Then look above to Christ your Captain,
March with firm heart and single eye,
And prove, beneath the Christian banner,
True soldiers of the Lord on high.”

Boston.

EMMA LEE,

AND HER WAXEN DOLL.

It was a sunny afternoon,
And little Emma Lee
Stood idly by the lifted sash
And look'd impatiently
Towards the open garden gate,
Where first she might espy
Some pleasant little country friends,
Whose parents liv'd quite nigh.

"Mamma! I cannot think what keeps
Lucy and Jane so long;
I'm almost certain that they've miss'd
The road, and gone quite wrong,

For only yesterday, they said
That if the day was clear,
And all their work and lessons done,
They surely would be here.

Just see, mamma," and as she spoke,
Young Emma gaz'd around,
"Just see how yonder oak-trees cast
Long shadows on the ground;
And how the idle butterflies
Rest, as if tired with play;
And there's a little busy bee,
That's taking holiday.

Oh! dear, it roves from bush to bush
As if some one to see,
Who knows, but what like me, mamma,
It looks for company:
Poor thing! it does not seem to care
For the blue sky, at all,
Though not a cloud is large enough
For apron for my doll."

"'Tis early yet," her mother said,
And knowing that employ

Could often, even to herself,
Afford a sweet alloy,
She added, "I would thank you, dear,
To wipe these pens for me,
And lay them in my writing-desk:
How many are they? see!"

Now Emma was a thoughtful child,
And dearly lov'd to please,
So in her little rocking-chair
She sat, quite at her ease,
And wip'd each pen, until they look'd
Clear, as her own sweet face,
Then laid them neatly, side by side,
Within their proper place.

'Twas hardly finish'd, when gay tones
Of mirth fell on her ear,
And when she reach'd the outer porch,
Lucy and Jane were near,
"Oh! have you come?" she cried aloud
With such a merry shout,
One might have heard her happy laugh
Echo in doors and out.

And hardly could young Emma wait,
Till bonnets were untied,
But led her little playmates fast
Unto the parlour side,
Where in the baby's cradle lay,
What seem'd an infant fair,
With crimson cheeks, and glossy curls,
And dress both rich and rare.

Its lids were clos'd as if in sleep,
But lo ! for their surprise,
When Emma touch'd a secret spring
And straight it ope'd its eyes.
"Its mighty queer," cried startled Jane
Quite glowing with delight ;
"A thing so fine," said Lucy Gray,
"Has never met my sight."

And on the waxen doll they gaz'd,
As 'twere a living thing,
And held it gently, as for fear
They'd touch the hidden spring ;
Till Emma, glad to see them pleas'd
Reveal'd the secret wire,

And then they prest it o'er and o'er,
She thought they'd never tire.

Her grandmamma, who liv'd far off,
Two hundred miles and more,
Had sent this doll, quite nicely pack'd
With other precious store,
In a large Christmas box, well fill'd
With gifts for girls and boys,
Shoes, bonnets, books, and a huge heap
Of sugar plums and toys.

It was in truth a pretty thing,
And Jane and Lucy Gray
Declar'd if such a one was theirs
They'd play with it all day;
And when they saw 'twas getting late,
Though much to their surprise,
They ran once more to take a peep
At dolly's half clos'd eyes.

Now Emma Lee was very young,
And she could hardly spell,
Yet in the language of the face
Her mind could read right well,

And she had mark'd the tearful look,
With which her playmates, dear,
Bade farewell to the waxen doll,
When parting-time drew near.

So, when her evening tasks were done,
Though light indeed they were,
To bring the slippers for papa,
And set his great arm-chair;
She took her seat in quietness,
Close by her sister's side,
And looking up into her face,
Her thoughts she could not hide.

"I wish I was as big as you,"
She slowly said at last,
While o'er her soft and blue-vein'd brow
A sudden shadow past.
"Why, Emmy?" ask'd her sister kind,
Parting her auburn hair,
"To be as tall as I am now!
Tell me, why would you care?"

"Oh! sister Julia," and her eye
Twinkled in such a way,

While with a childish gracefulness,

She wav'd her hands away,

“ Oh ! sister Julia, how I wish

That Jane and Lucy Gray

Had such a dear, good grandmama

As mine, that's far away.

And then they would not have to take

A carrot for a doll,

And dress it in a homespun frock,

Or sometimes, none at all.

Oh ! me, how glad they'd be to have

Exactly such an one,

As once you made for little sis,

Who tore it up for fun.

I did not think it ugly *then*,

And may-be you will cut

Two more, although you cannot make

Their eyes to ope and shut.

And if mamma will only paint

Their cheeks and lips with red,

And ink their eyes, and sew some hair

Upon each little head,

And if you'll show me how to make
Two dresses, neat and gay,
And put bright sashes round their waists,
Tied in a proper way ;
I'll be so glad when morning comes,
If dear mamma says yes,
To carry them to Mrs. Gray's,
They'll jump for joy, I guess."

"Go then," said Julia, "bring the trunk
Which uncle Ben sent you,
And when you take your thimble out,
We'll see what we can do ;
But if you let me have my way
The dolls shall be one size,
And then as they can change sometimes,
We'll make the clothes with ties."

They set to work, and with the aid
Of their kind mother too,
Julia soon finish'd both the dolls,
While Emma chose a new
And pretty piece of cambric bright,
With skirts of scarlet crape,

And found some ribbon for each sash,

Then tried a hat to shape.

“Do, Emma, have some other frock,”

Exclaim'd her brother, Miles,

Who sat with an important air,

And face too grave for smiles,

“I do not love to see a doll

Drest in that foolish way,

Why, living babies do not wear

Such fine clothes, any day.

“Just see how pretty Cary looks

Asleep in Amy's lap,

I like her little gingham frock,

And simple muslin cap,

Better than all the silly things

That give the girls such joy,

I would not wear such if I could;

I'm glad that I'm a boy.”

“That's a good notion,” Julia cried,

“For dolls of kid or wax,

But thus to dress this clumsy thing,

My patience it would tax;

For only see, it has no chin
To hold the cap-strings down,
And such a shape would never suit
A little infant's gown."

"Lucy and Jane would rather have
Something that makes a show:"
Said little Emma, "if you please
Sister! I'll have it so."

Julia agreed, and made each dress
Quick, for she work'd for love;
While Emma quite too full, to talk,
Stood quiet as a dove.

They soon were finish'd out and out,
And then 'twas time for bed,
But ere the veil of sleep was drawn
O'er Emma Lee's young head,
She kiss'd once more her waxen doll,
And, in her simple way,
Pray'd God to bless her grandmamma,
Who liv'd so far away.

MARY E. LEE.

AN

ANSWER FROM THE BUSY BEE,

TO THE

SONG OF THE WILD BEE.*

BY MRS. M. GRIFFITH.

Your song — your song — even here in the
west,

Where the towering eagle builds her nest,

Where the spirit of freedom loves to dwell

In the house of man, or the honey'd cell.

Even here your song on the breeze has come,

And stirred in our hives a lively hum.

We echoed it back — for the voice of the free

Always touches the heart-strings of man or bee.

* Allan Cunningham's.

But soon as the flash of the song had fled,
And we hung together on waxen bed,*
Like prudent people we thought it right,
To examine the dark as well as the light.
So though we admired you — wild and free,
The bold Robin Hood of your own countrie —
We determined to ask, in an humble way,
Whether you're always happy and gay.
And when you nestle on thistle down,
Or swing in the hare-bell by zephyrs blown,
Or drink of the dew-drop — silver sheen —
Glittering at morn on the shamrock green,
When you list to the laverock, or kiss the rose,
Or snug on the bunches of thyme repose,
Don't you think the cat-bird — sharp and shrill —
Will swallow you up with right good will.
Will not the clown — an easy job —
Tear you in two for the "honey blob."
Is there no toad with his mouth wide spread,
To snap you up as you dine in bed ;

* Bees never touch the cells : the first row of bees attach themselves to some pellets of wax, that are on the ceilings of the hive, and all the rest of the bees cling together by their feet, all hanging in a bunch.

Is there no ground mouse — is there no mole,
That gropes for your honey hid in the hole;
Do you fear no *boy* — for a *man* don't care
For the few little drops that are buried there —
Who will steal your treasure when you are away,
Keeping your sunshiny holiday?

Is there no peasant with heavy tread,
And a sharp-set plough, to destroy your bed;
Are there no freshets to drown your home,
Bored deep in the clay and garden loam.
Ah! these are your fears, though your song is
free,

Like the bold Robin Hood of your own countrie.
So lest your wild lay should the young deceive,
For who that listens would not believe,
We shall tell the truth. But suppose we do,
Not half of these evils are known to you.
For soon as the chills of winter come,
You die in your cells — while we merely grow
numb.

Though you have perish'd, the breath of spring
Thaws our stiff bodies and silken wing.
We rush from the hive and seek the flower,
Soon as 'tis wet by an April shower.

And when the crocus, with stem so brief,
Kisses the air with its golden leaf,
We load our thigh from its fragrant bell,
And carry it home to our queen bee's cell.
We give to others, our honey and wax,
But we ask no pay — we lay no tax;
We own no master, our task is free,
And blithely we work for our queen bee.
The food made in summer, our winters cheer,
And we know each other from year to year;
But you never labour and have no friends,
And in one short season your glory ends.
You glance through the sunbeams, wild and
free,
Like the bold Robin Hood of your own countrie.
But if you'll come hither and live in hives,
And see how the American working bee thrives,
If you'll help us make honey and build our cell,
And never entice our hive to rebel,
If you'll bear with the evil and take the good,
We'll guard you from harm by field and flood.
But if in the corners you idly lurk,
And make the bees murmur and quit their
work,

Or if like a sly *agitator* you come,
We'll beat the rogues' march till we make you
hum;

Our laws guard the useful, the quiet and free,
And punish the turbulent foreign wild bee;
Our high mountain tops always glisten in day,
Niagara for ever thunders down spray;

Our states are wide spreading and go a head,
We have silver and gold mines, coal and lead;
Our motto is foremost on flag and hall,
United we stand—divided we fall!

There is room for the stranger—room for the
free,

But none for the savage, none for the wild bee;
Yet *should* your brethren get footing here,
And remain in their wild state all the year,
Then the beetle with fangs and rough edged
legs,

Will burrow down deep and eat their eggs;
He will drive them out from the hole of earth,
Which they thought their own from the time of
birth.

What does he care that they're never paid,
What does he care for a treaty made,

He likes the spot that they've built upon,
And that is enough to wish them gone.
He'll push them backwards from hole to hole,
From the sweet green south to the frozen pole.
And when the Rocky Mountains are past,
For far beyond they must go at last,
On the verge of the utmost bounds they'll stand,
Claiming no longer a foot of land.
With a drooping head and folded wing,
Unable to rally — afraid to sting,
Like the Indian chief on the ice-bound shore,
They'll sing a lament, and be heard no more.
And this is the fate of the wild, wild bee,
Once the bold Robin Hood of his own countrie.

New York.

THE
WEIGHT OF INFLUENCE.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill.

SHAKESPEARE.

She did not, however, see all the difficulties into which this first deviation from proper conduct would lead her. Alas ! no one ever can !

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

SELDCM have three finer boys met together, than George Murray, Edward Gray, and Percy Harwood. The first was about fifteen years of age — and with curling, auburn hair, that set off to great advantage, a fair but florid complexion — was what would be called a remarkably handsome boy. His face moreover was intelligent, and expressive of a most kind and amiable disposition. Nor did

it belie him — he really was what he appeared — but so careless, indifferent, and thoughtless was his nature, that while he had the best wishes for every body around him, he would seldom take the trouble to consider how he might advantage them, or what effect his conduct might have even upon himself. He was exceedingly warm and affectionate, and devotedly attached to Gray, who was about one year his junior — a light haired, delicate youth, of active mind and good temper, but mainly wanting in that decision of character and independence of motive, which enable a boy to act with spirit on his own responsibility. Relying thus for incentive on others, he was easily led away, and the slightest influence of those whom he loved, when exerted, had a powerful effect on his conduct. He looked upon Murray as his bosom friend, and to act by his advice, became with him almost habitual — a day seldom passed that they were not more or less together.

Percy Harwood, though about the same age as Gray, was unlike either of his companions. He had thick black hair — a dark complexion — bright eyes — and a countenance, which, while it exhi-

bited great animation, was expressive of considerable spirit and determination. Yet he was in the main a clever boy and well disposed — but unfortunately the self-will that predominated in his character, had been fostered rather than repressed by a too indulgent mother, and the exercise of his own pleasure, was usually expected, and of course allowed. Perhaps this very circumstance tended to make him popular with his young companions, and the presence of Percy Harwood was rarely unacceptable, especially to the little trio of which he was a member.

“What a lovely day,” said Murray, as they met one beautiful summer morning.

“Delightful, indeed,” answered Harwood; “it is too fine for town — I intend to be off to the country right away. I have got ma’ to let me have the carriage, and am going out to Oscar Huntingdon’s — he asked me to come two or three weeks ago — and I want you to go with me.”

“I cannot,” replied Murray.

“O nonsense! but you must,” insisted the other; “what’s the reason you cannot?”

“I have an engagement at home.”

"Well, Ned, *you* are not engaged at any rate," said Percy, turning to Gray; "we can do without George, since he won't come — so you will go with me."

"I don't know," said Gray, hesitatingly; "I do not think I can."

"Why?"

"I should not like to go without my father's leave."

"Pooh!" said Harwood, "we shall be back before night, and then you can tell him where you have been. But if you wish it, we will go and ask him now."

"No," answered Edward; "that would be useless — you will remember this is Sunday, and my father will never give his consent that I should go on an excursion to-day."

"O, I guess your father would not be very angry if you went without leave, and told him afterwards — what harm can there be in just going a few miles to see a friend?"

"But I don't know Oscar Huntingdon," said the half-persuaded boy, shifting his ground.

"O, no matter for that," replied Harwood; "you

will know him in five minutes — he is one of the finest fellows in creation, and will be heartily glad to see you — so you must go.”

The matter was now brought to a point for Gray to answer definitively, but he could not decide — he knew that he ought not to do what was urged upon him, but he wanted courage to refuse in positive terms. So, as usual, he turned for support to his friend Murray, who had been standing by all the while in silence.

“Will you not go, George?”

“No.”

“What shall *I* do?”

“I am sure I don’t care — you may do as you please — it’s nothing to me.”

“O, come along,” interrupted Harwood; “what’s the use of asking *his* opinion?”

“Well, Percy, I don’t know,” said Edward; “I don’t feel quite satisfied about this — but I think there can’t be much harm in a little ride, and you promise to bring me in before night?”

“Certainly — certainly.”

“Well, then, here goes — good bye, George — we’ll see you again to-morrow.”

“Good bye,” said Murray; and they separated.

Who can fathom the consequences of the first trivial step in wrong?

The next day, and the day following, and for several days after, the boys met as usual, and Gray talked much about Oscar Huntingdon, and the pleasures of his visit. His father had been much displeased, but did not chide him very severely, and he thought the enjoyment of the excursion more than compensated for the trifling reprimand he had received. Murray imagined he perceived, in reference to himself, a slight change in his manner — he could assign no reason for it, and it might not have been apparent to a common observer — but his affectionate heart was too sensitive not to discover the least tendency towards coldness or neglect on the part of his nearest and dearest friend. The circumstance, however, reconciled him in a great degree to a change which was about to take place in his own fortunes. His father had made arrangements for his admission to a boarding-school at a considerable distance, to which in about a fortnight after, he took his departure. When he came to take leave of Edward Gray, the latter showed

much emotion, but it seemed rather the sorrow of a mind unhappy in itself, than the overflowing of a virtuous affection. Murray, however, did not express the unpleasant suspicions of his friend's coldness — but when he had left him, he went to his chamber, and, sitting down among heaps of clothes which he was preparing to pack, gave relief to his oppressed feelings in a long and bitter shower of tears.

It was several years after the time of which we have been speaking, that two young men met in the highway of one of our southern cities. The one looked stout, hearty, and sunburnt, and was arrayed in the heavy accoutrements of a traveller — the other wore the lighter garb of a resident, and seemed pale and sad, as if sickness had been a recent, and not a very brief companion. As they approached each other, they both started back in surprise.

“Why, Edward Gray! — am I right? Yes it is,” exclaimed the former, stretching out his hand, “who could have dreamed of finding you in this far-off region?”

“And who could have dreamed,” replied the

other, returning his grasp most cordially, "of finding my old friend George Murray, at such a distance from his native home? But where do you stay? O! of course you remain with me while you are here — come at once to my lodgings — no refusal — I have ample accommodations for you, and have a thousand — thousand — thousand things to say. There is not a man on earth I am so delighted to see."

"And I am sure," replied Murray, "that this meeting is to me none the less pleasing from being so utterly unexpected."

"You look pale, my friend," continued he, when they had reached the house, and were comfortably seated in Gray's apartment; "I fear your health has suffered in this southern climate."

Edward burst into tears, and threw himself on the bosom of his friend.

"I have, indeed, dear George," said he, "seen much sorrow, since we last parted — that parting was not as it should have been — but I was under evil influence then, and though I used you wrongfully, I have never ceased to love you through all this long and hopeless separation. But listen

to me patiently for a few moments, and I will tell you frankly why I am here, and why I am thus — alas! who could have supposed that so much misery would arise from so slight an aberration!

“You remember the day,” continued he, “when I first went with Percy Harwood to visit Oscar Huntingdon — it is from that moment I date all my difficulties. Man or boy, I have never met with a more perfectly fascinating creature. His form was symmetry itself — and his face as entirely beautiful as any one could desire. He was about two years older than myself, and his mind for one of his age, highly polished and cultivated. His manners too, were easy and affable in the extreme — kind and courteous — not the cold and formal civility of the fashionable world, but the sincere and hearty frankness that said exactly what it meant. Child as I then was, and susceptible as you know me, George, you need not wonder that I was at once and powerfully attracted. How strange that so many good and evil qualities, should have been united in the same individual! He was a being whom it was indeed hard in human nature to help loving, and under the double charm of his beauty and his

kindness, I became deeply and devotedly interested in all that belonged to him. You know how much I talked of—how much I praised him—and I sadly fear, my dear George, that in the ardour of my love for him, I treated you with most unmerited coldness. It was not long after, that you went away to boarding-school, and I lost at once your friendly counsel and the example of your stronger virtue. Since that time, (and I had begun even then to reap the bitter fruit of a departure from right,) we have never met, and I presume you have known little or nothing of my history—for my friends were kind enough to throw a veil over my enormities—and I am come now, as if to a religious confessional, to tell you frankly all the wrong I have done to your friendship, and all the wretchedness I have brought upon myself.

“After you were gone, you may suppose I was more completely under the influence of Huntingdon than ever. I had no intimates but him and Percy, who was as much wrapped in the spell of his bewitching manners as myself. In our leisure moments we were almost constantly together. We walked—rode—and had all our amusements in

common. I was a little shocked to hear an oath occasionally fall from Oscar — I had not noticed it at first, and it now occurred but seldom. At length, however, Percy began to indulge in the same kind of language — I really felt grieved for his sake — and endeavoured to dissuade him from acquiring so bad a habit — but he only laughed at me, and made me feel ashamed of my own virtuous abhorrence. I said no more on the subject, and soon became so accustomed to hearing their profanity, that at length I ventured upon the occasional use of it myself. I was absolutely frightened the first time I suffered an oath to escape me; it was so adverse to every thing I had been taught in my early childhood, so opposed to all those pious feelings I had imbibed with my first ideas, that it seemed like the rending of something holy, or the destruction of some pure thing that belonged to heaven! You may be sure, that these thoughts were not agreeable, and of course were speedily dismissed — with every indulgence they grew weaker and weaker — till at length we all became most expert and proficient swearers.

“Our habits were in no wise improved by the

introduction to our circle of a lad of the name of John Williams. He was a wild; turbulent boy — fond of all kind of mischief — and ever ready to lead in any thing that bore the name of fun and frolic. We often met at his father's house, where he seemed to have unlimited license to do as he pleased. We had our cigars and our wine — and we smoked and drank like 'children of a larger growth,' until we were fast acquiring a habit of drinking — I will not call it a taste, for I believe after all it afforded but little enjoyment to any of us.

“One evening when we were thus engaged, Williams threw on the table a pack of cards, and proposed that we should play. I felt sorry to see them introduced — for I had always been taught to avoid cards, not so much from any intrinsic mischief they possess, as from the greater evils to which they are calculated to lead. I was ashamed, however, to plead this as my excuse, and therefore endeavoured to find shelter under my ignorance.

“‘O, that's nothing,’ said Williams; ‘we'll teach you in five minutes. Here's four of us — just enough for a rubber of whist — come, you

shall have Oscar for your partner, and before you've played three games, you'll know all about it.'

" 'But,' said I, (for although I thus found myself over-ruled in my first objection, I still felt uncomfortable in beginning) — 'but indeed I do not like to play, for I know my father would object to it.'

" At this the whole party burst into a loud fit of laughter.

" 'Why, Ned Gray,' said Williams, 'are you such a baby as to talk to us about your father — Ar'n't you old enough to know one thing from another, without asking your father? Poh! poh! man! don't make a fool of yourself, but sit down and take a hand.'

" 'Well, I don't like it,' said I.

" 'O, my dear Edward,' whispered the persuasive Oscar; 'there can be no harm in a little social game like this, merely for amusement — besides, you see we can't do without you, and you certainly will not mar the pleasure of the evening.'

" Thus importuned, I said no more — but sat down and took the cards — and thus began my

taste for gambling. I was soon initiated into the secrets of the game, and began to be deeply interested. I found the excitement exceedingly fascinating, and wondered how I could have objected to play. Nothing was said about stakes, and the evening passed so agreeably, that I longed for the time when we should meet again to renew our delightful amusement.

“In the midst of all this gaiety and youthful dissipation, do you suppose I was happy? Far otherwise. The secret consciousness of wrong — the sense of departed innocence were constantly gnawing at my heart. My parents continued as ever kind and affectionate — they often gave me good advice — and I believe my father half suspected that things were not quite right with me. But he never hinted his suspicions, and I drove onward in the road to ruin.

“At length we began to play for money — but our stakes were at first small. In the course of time, however, they increased, till at last we became, for our years, bold and desperate gamblers. Huntingdon and Harwood had a liberal allowance of pocket money — and Williams seemed generally

flush of funds — how he obtained them, I never could fairly discover. My own means were extremely limited — what I got from my father was exceedingly small, and I was receiving a trifling salary from Mr. Foster, in whose counting-house I was at that time employed. You may judge then of my horror and utter consternation, when at the end of an evening's play, I found myself minus to the amount of fifty dollars.

“What was I to do? I had not so much money in the world — I could not go to my father, tell him all the circumstances, and ask him to assist me — for that would involve an exposure of my ruinous ways — No — there seemed but one thing for me to do, and that was to go on! — Alas! when we have entered deeply into wrong, how hard it is to retrace our steps!

“I did go on — I played more deeply and desperately than ever — I hazarded every thing. Whether the agitating circumstances of the case affected my judgment, I cannot determine, but through all the game I was constantly a loser. Still I was buoyed up with the expectation of ultimate success — hoping almost against hope, that

fortune would at last take a turn, and that I should be able to recover the ground that I had lost. Still it was in vain — I only went deeper, to become more involved — till finding the chase entirely hopeless, I relinquished the pursuit — coming out from the desperate contest, what I then considered equivalent to utter ruin, a debtor to my friend Huntingdon, to the amount of three hundred dollars.

“I now began to look about me despairingly, to see if there was any possible means by which I might obtain the money for the payment of this sum. It appeared impracticable — I knew no one of whom I could borrow such an amount, and to become possessed of it in any other way, seemed out of the question. A dark suggestion presented itself to my mind, and seemed at once to occupy my thought. Huntingdon saw that I was distressed, but did not guess the real cause. He came to me nobly and generously, and told me to make myself perfectly easy about the business — that he knew how I was circumstanced, and should certainly never urge his claim. ‘And to convince you that I am sincere, my dear Ned,’ said he, ‘here is the

note you gave me, which I thus tear into a thousand pieces, and declare the whole matter to be now settled and ended. So let's shake hands and be done with it for ever.'

"'My dear Oscar,' I replied; 'I am not insensible to your generous feelings—I thank you from the bottom of my heart—but you will excuse me if I cannot accept your clemency. This is a matter of honour, and I have some pride in its fulfilment—you have always paid your losses nobly, and I insist upon being allowed to do the same by mine.'

"'Well—well,' said he; 'I don't wish to offend you—but give yourself no trouble about it—it will do any time these ten years.'

"'You shall have it in less than one,' said I—and I had almost determined how it should be done.

"What strange infatuation! that for the purpose of avoiding the imputation of what I deemed a dishonourable action, I should have rushed headlong into one a thousand times more criminal—a thousand times more degrading! But such is the miserable sophistry of wrong-doing.

“My purpose was not accomplished without much compunction. I saw — I knew — I felt the enormity of the act I was about to commit — but, goaded on by my ridiculous notions of false honour, it seemed to be the only way by which I could escape the contempt of my companions. I stifled the monitor in my own breast, and went to my unhallowed work. I was a good penman, and was so familiar with Mr. Foster’s writing, that it was no very difficult matter for me to imitate his signature. I forged his name on a blank check, filled it up with the amount required, presented it to his banker, and obtained the money. I flew immediately to Huntingdon, and paid it over into his hands — he seemed surprised, but said nothing, as I suppose he feared again to offend me — but there was something in his look that implied a suspicion, which I felt, alas! that I too truly deserved. It was a singular infatuation, that amidst all the workings of my mind in this plan of wickedness, I had never once dreamed of the hazard of detection. Now, however, I began to perceive that it must inevitably be discovered, and I waited in anxious trepidation for the expected disclosure. I did not wait long —

it was soon ascertained that a deficiency existed in my employer's account—it was traced to the forged check—my writing was recognized—and the whole affair stood fully exposed. I cannot dwell on what followed—the recollection is too painful. My poor mother was half distracted—and my father in the anguish of his sorrow, wore such a look of disappointed expectation, that I have never forgotten it to this day. ‘O, my poor ruined boy,’ he would say, ‘this will go nigh to break our hearts.’ Mr. Foster was a good man, and he saw that a public exposure would destroy my reputation and perhaps cause my ruin. It was, therefore, agreed that the thing should be kept quiet, and that I should be disposed of in some distant place. A situation was procured me, and I was accordingly sent hither—expatriated by my own folly, and left solitary and friendless in a strange land, with the galling sense of guilt and shame hanging for ever about me. My naturally delicate frame could not stand the shock—I fell exceedingly ill, and for a long time despaired of my existence. In the view of eternity, I was induced to think of my past offences, and I thank God it was not unavailing. I

resolved, by his help, in all the future, ‘to cleanse my ways by giving heed thereunto according to his word.’ With returning health, I set about fulfilling my resolve, and have endeavoured as far as possible to atone for my youthful errors. My life has been very solitary and retired—and attended by frequent spells of indisposition, from one of which I have now scarcely recovered. Here my sorrows are all my own—and you cannot conceive the satisfaction it affords me to have the opportunity of unburthening my soul to one who can understand and truly sympathise with my feelings. Much as I have suffered (and it is even less than I have deserved,) I can now rejoice that so speedy a termination was thus put to my career of vice—and I should doubly rejoice if I did but know one thing—I am almost afraid to ask you the question—how is it with my friends?”

“O cheerily, my dear Ned,” answered Murray; “I believe I can bring you a good report. Oscar is now my friend as well as yours—and I can heartily agree with you in all you have said about the fascination of his manners—but it is now the fascination of virtue. I think he must have known

more of the cause of your departure than he has ever communicated to me — for since your absence, a very great change has taken place both in him and Percy — they have entirely abandoned their evil habits, and are now models for the youth of their age. They both speak of you with the greatest affection, and would be delighted to give you a better proof of their friendship, than when, as they now say, they led you to the commission of wrong.”

“I am rejoiced to hear of their welfare,” replied Gray — “but what has become of Williams?”

“I believe I can scarcely tell you,” said Murray — “but I fear poor Jack is not doing so well as his friends could desire — he and the other boys are now of different minds and they seldom meet.”

“Alas! poor Williams!” ejaculated Gray. — “And now, dear George, allow me in concluding my tedious history to say one word to you — not by way of reproach, for I have no such feeling — but merely as a matter of future caution. Do you remember on the day that Harwood was urging me to accompany him to Huntingdon’s, and when I was hesitating about doing what I knew to be wrong,

that I turned to you, and asked you how I should act?"

"I do."

"And do you remember the answer you gave me?"

"I really do not."

"You turned carelessly away and said it was nothing to you — I might do as I pleased. That answer decided me — I went — I became acquainted with Huntingdon, and afterwards through him with Williams — and was by that visit initiated into that career of vice which has had to me so sad and so costly a result. When I asked you whether I should do wrong, had you said decidedly, No! it is impossible to conjecture how much of all the misery I have since suffered I might have been spared."

"Edward, I am humbled to think that I have been the cause of so much wretchedness. Never till this moment did I imagine that I was responsible for so large a portion of the hazard you have run and the anguish you have endured."

"Nay, my dear Murray," answered Gray; "I do not accuse you — freely and from my heart do I

acquit you of all intentional wrong—but, oh! how careful should we be in the exercise of our influence, when a single word may turn the scale which is to decide for good or for evil, the character of a fellow-being, or even to bear with a weight we little consider on the nature of his eternal destiny.”

Philadelphia.

THE
WIDOW OF SAREPTA.

A SACRED DRAMA.

TRANSLATED BY MISS LESLIE, FROM THE FRENCH OF
MADAME DE GENLIS.

CHARACTERS.

THE PROPHET ELIJAH.

THE WIDOW.

THE CHILD.

The scene is in the country of Sidon, near the town of Sarepta. It represents the outside of a cottage, with a bench of turf near the door, shaded by a large old tree; under which the WIDOW is seated at her spinning, with her CHILD beside her. A forest is on one side. She fixes her eyes earnestly on the boy, and then says to herself—

POOR CHILD! how pale and dejected he looks! (*Aloud.*) My son, do you not perceive that the air this morning is fresher than usual, and the sky more bright and clear?

CHILD. — It is painful for me to breathe; and already the sun seems burning hot.

WIDOW. — Will you take a little walk in the forest?

CHILD. — I have no longer strength to walk.

WIDOW. — (*To herself.*) Alas!

CHILD. — Mother, when shall I again see the green grass and the beautiful flowers? When will the birds sing again?

WIDOW. — This is the season of spring; but the song of the birds is heard no more. The trees have lost all their leaves, which have dried up and fallen in dust on the withered grass. The rivulets and the fountains flow no longer. There is neither shade nor coolness in the forests; the dew and the rain no longer refresh the earth. The plants, the grain, the animals, and the people, all languish and seem about to perish. How long have we suffered under these evils! All nature seems changed, and we are at once deprived of plenty and of health.

CHILD. — Then, mother, I shall never again see the spring?

WIDOW (*embracing him, with tears*). — Oh! my son!

CHILD. — I cannot but think of the happy times when the trees were so green and the meadows so beautiful — I shall never forget that fountain that sprung from the mossy rock; it was there, behind our cottage; but the water has disappeared. The rock still remains, and it makes me feel sad to look at it. And the flowers that I gathered with so much pleasure — and our vine, now dead and useless, and our sheep —.

WIDOW. — Alas, dear child! you are already familiar with sorrows which at your age are seldom known; mournful recollections, and hopeless sufferings.

CHILD. — My greatest sorrow is when I remember that you were once surrounded by women, who worked with you, and waited on you. — And now you are alone.

WIDOW. — Am I not with you? And are you not every thing to your mother?

CHILD. — If I were only able to assist you, to

work for you ! I am old enough, but I have no strength —.

WIDOW. — Ah ! you grieve at my lot, and you are yourself the only object of my anxiety. Oh ! my child ! how happy I could yet be if Heaven would deign to restore you to health.

CHILD. — You weep — I see that you have no hope of my ever getting well.

WIDOW. — Oh ! say not so ? If I had lost all hope of your recovery, how could I support my own life ?

CHILD. — But indeed I am very ill. If you could have me carried to the town, I would gladly go to the temple of Baal and pray with you before the images of our gods.

WIDOW. — The images of the idols ! — Ah ! I have ceased to revere them ; I have long since acknowledged the errors of the worship of Baal. Our religion does not inspire virtue, but it connives at, and encourages vice. Be assured, my child, that our priests are impostors, and that the gods they have taught us to adore, are false.

CHILD. — To whom then shall we address our prayers ?

WIDOW. — To Him who created the universe.

CHILD. — And how shall we know his law ?

WIDOW. — He himself has taken care to engrave it on our hearts, by inspiring us with a love of good, and a horror of evil ; to follow the dictates of conscience is to obey him.

CHILD. — And have the Sidonians offended him ?

WIDOW. — They have too well deserved his anger by their numerous crimes, and by their barbarous and bloody sacrifices. This terrible drought which desolates the whole country : sickness, famine, and all the unusual evils that now oppress us, are undoubtedly the infliction of his justice on a sinful people. It is said, that the first cause of our misfortunes sprang from the union of Jezebel, the daughter of our sovereign, with Ahab, the king of the Hebrews. She has introduced into her new dominions the worship of idols, and it is since that fatal time that all these calamities have befallen us.

CHILD. — Then the gods of the Hebrews are angry with us ?

WIDOW. — This stranger nation adores but one

God. They say that they have received from him sacred commandments, beneficent precepts, and pure and equitable laws. Ah! when this God is so good, why should he not be ours?

CHILD. — Mother, do you hear how the wind is rising? And still, how hot and oppressive is the air. What whirlwinds of dust. —

WIDOW. — A terrible storm is coming on; we must go into the house.

CHILD. — The wind increases — the sky darkens!

WIDOW. — No time is to be lost. — My son rise and lean on my arm.

CHILD. — I feel as if I could not support myself on my feet.

WIDOW (*trying in vain to lift him in her arms*). — Ah! I am so weakened by famine, that I have not strength to carry you.

CHILD. — Do not distress yourself, dear mother, I feel better now. I think I can walk into our cottage.

WIDOW (*supporting him*). — Come then, beloved child.

CHILD (*walking slowly and leaning on his mother*). — What a dreadful tempest. The branches

are broken, and the trees are torn up by the roots.

WIDOW. — Let us make haste.

CHILD (*stopping*). — Listen. I think I hear groans.

WIDOW. — Yes — they seem to come from the woods.

CHILD. — Some one must be in need of help. Go, dear mother, go and see.

WIDOW. — I cannot leave you now. I will go to the forest when I have led you into the cottage.

CHILD. — Then let us walk fast. And do not return from the woods till you have found the person that is suffering. I feel myself better — I want nothing but rest, and I will lie down and try to sleep while you are absent.

WIDOW. — Oh ! may your slumber be sweet and refreshing (*She embraces him and conducts him into the cottage, shutting the door as they go in. After she has laid him on his bed, she comes out again*).

[*The WIDOW, alone.*]

Beloved child ! how miserable your sickness

makes me (*she goes towards the forest*). The wind has fallen and the sky begins to clear. I no longer hear those plaintive sounds which seemed to implore assistance. However, I am sure it was no illusion. My own sufferings have made my ears open to the slightest tones of complaint (*she goes into the forest, and after awhile returns*). I can discover nothing; I will go back to my son. Oh! if he is sleeping calmly, what happiness I shall have in looking at him — I will take my spinning and sit by his bedside. But no — the noise of my distaff may disturb him. I will gaze at him, and indulge myself by letting my tears flow unrestrained; I can weep in silence — But again I hear a voice. It is the same sound that I listened to with my son (*She turns back and approaches the forest*). — Some one is coming. It is a venerable old man. He seems faint and weary, and looks as if he had suffered much. — How shall I assist him!

[ELIJAH enters, leaning on the branch of a tree to support his steps.]

ELIJAH. — Where am I? — what place is this?

WIDOW. — You are in the country of the Sido-

nians, and near the town of Sarepta. You seem overcome with fatigue ; rest yourself in my cottage.

ELIJAH. — Who are you ?

WIDOW. — I am a widow, I have but one child, and I live by the labour of my hands. I have known abundance and happiness ; I made not a bad use of my wealth ; and I have lost it without yielding to despair.

ELIJAH. — How has your lot been changed ? By what events ?

WIDOW. — By the calamities under which the whole country is suffering. The earth, no longer moistened by the rain and dew, has become barren, and will produce nothing. All works of agriculture have long since been given up as useless ; and famine, the most terrible of scourges, has reduced all ranks and classes to a sad equality. The rich have given all their wealth to procure food, and now they suffer with the poor.

ELIJAH. — Inscrutable are the decrees of Heaven. But rely on the mercy of the God of Abraham, and of Jacob ; and be assured that the sufferings with which he has chosen to afflict your nation for a time, will at length be dispelled by his goodness.

WIDOW. — Ah ! it is the true God of whom you speak. It is Him that I wish to adore. Stranger, do you know him ? — But you seem not to hear me — your countenance changes.

ELIJAH. — My strength forsakes me — fatigue — hunger — thirst —.

WIDOW. — Alas ! I have nothing but a little oil in a cruse, and a handful of meal in the bottom of a barrel, which I am saving to make a cake for my son ; and a little water which I am keeping also for him.

ELIJAH. — Has your son passed two days without tasting food ?

WIDOW (*speaking to herself and looking at Elijah, who sinks on the turf-seat near the cottage*). — How pale he is — he can no longer support himself. No — I cannot let him perish. The thread that I have spun, I intended to sell to-morrow, when I should have more of it in readiness. But I will carry what I have to Sarepta this evening, and try to exchange it for some food. And to-night I will not go to bed — I will sit up and spin till day-light. But if my son should complain

of hunger when he awakens. — Ah! how my heart is torn.

ELIJAH. — Have compassion on my sufferings. It is in your power to save my life. Grant me your assistance.

WIDOW. — Oh! who could resist such an appeal — I will hesitate no longer. Come with me unfortunate old man — I will give you all the food that I have, and there is still a little water in the vase.

ELIJAH. — I am too much exhausted to move from this place. Go — I will wait for you here (*he leans against the tree*).

WIDOW (*going into the cottage*). — I will return very soon.

ELIJAH (*alone*). — And this woman is a Sidonian — an idolatress — or at least brought up as such. Still how good are her feelings — how kind is her heart — I will invoke a blessing on her hospitable roof. But what do I hear (*The widow shrieks within the cottage, exclaiming*), “My son! Oh! my son!”

ELIJAH. — What has happened?

[*The Widow runs out of the cottage, pale and in tears.*]

WIDOW. — He is dead. — All is over — I have lost him for ever. — My son — my son (*she throws herself on the bank of turf*).

ELIJAH. — Your son is dead !

WIDOW. — Unfortunate stranger, it was you that detained me from him — I was not there to receive his last sigh ! — My son — But I will go and look at him again — I will die beside him.

ELIJAH. — Stay, unhappy mother — Listen to me. A miraculous power has suddenly restored to me all my strength. Oh ! desolate parent, acknowledge and invoke with me, the God of Israel.

WIDOW. — I do — I do (*falling on her knees*).

ELIJAH (*after having remained some time in prayer*). — Hope every thing — and do not follow me. (*He enters the cottage.*)

WIDOW. — He tells me to hope. — To hope when my son is dead — when I have just seen him stretched out, pale, breathless, motionless — Ha ! what sound is that ? (*listening eagerly*) It is his voice. It is himself (*she flies to the door*).

[ELIJAH comes out of the cottage leading the CHILD by the hand.]

WIDOW. — My son !

The CHILD (*throwing himself into the arms of the WIDOW*). — Oh ! my mother !

WIDOW. — You breathe, you move, you speak — I see you, and I clasp you in my arms. (*She looks earnestly at him.*) It is really he — It is my son — But, oh ! how altered. — His eyes sparkle, and health blooms upon his cheek. (*She throws herself on her knees before ELIJAH, who raises her immediately.*) Holy man ! minister of the Being whose beneficence your lips have proclaimed, you have proved to me that the divinity you serve is the one that I have sought, and that I adored even in the midst of idolatry. Instruct me ; enlighten me — tell me what homage shall I render him.

ELIJAH. — The homage that is most pleasing to him. — The gratitude of a heart like yours.

WIDOW. — And you, will you always be my tutelary genius ?

ELIJAH. — I am but a weak mortal. Persecuted by a cruel king, and an impious queen, I have taken refuge in the wilderness. The hand of the All-powerful has conducted me to you. He willed that Elijah should have the glory of withdrawing

from the errors of idolatry, a heart formed for goodness and truth. The crimes of a wicked people have drawn on them their punishment; but the Father of all mercies, knows how to protect and to reward innocence and virtue. I feel myself empowered to say, that your trials are now over. Your son is restored to you with renovated health and strength. And by divine inspiration, I can effect another miracle in your behalf. The vessels which contain the remnant of meal, of oil, and of water, which you were saving for your child, and which you would generously have bestowed upon me, those vessels are now full, and will continue so as long as the famine and the drought shall last. Thus they will furnish subsistence to yourself and your son, and to all that come to implore your assistance.

WIDOW. — Oh! what felicity can now be compared with mine.

ELIJAH. — And your happiness shall continue during your life. Your story will not perish with you, for it will be inscribed in a book which will carry it down as an example, to the remotest ages of futurity.

LINES

BY A BLIND GIRL.

WHERE is my much lov'd mother gone?

She is numbered with the dead —

But, oh! I trust to worlds of light

Her happy spirit's fled.

That voice that used to speak so kind,

Will speak on earth no more,

She sings the praises of her King

On Zion's blissful shore.

She dwells within the sacred place,

Where love and pleasure reign,

Her sorrows now have fled away,

She ne'er will weep again.

These lines were recited by Mary Smith, a blind girl, composed by herself on the death of her mother—and repeated with so much feeling as to draw tears from all who heard her — she was about twelve years old.

ANONYMOUS.

THE

FAITHFUL FRIEND.

BY W. B. TAPPAN.

HAPPY SISTER! happy brother!
All the world unto each other
Seem they at their simple meal;
What can purer peace reveal?
He has boyhood's earnestness,
She has girlish artlessness;—
And to share their supper, see!
Dick is begging wistfully.
Look demure, intreating eye,
Lifted paw, as plainly tell,
As a dog can utter, "I
Am a friend that serves you well.



Baume.

Elredge.

Am I not, the lonesome night,
Wakeful for you when you sleep?
If the robber comes, a bite
Bids him safer distance keep.
And I toil the winter's day,
And for you, the summer. Pray
Who so patient at your side
When you walk and when you ride?
Who your dinner takes at noon
To the school-house in the lane,
Touching neither cloth nor spoon—
And the basket back again,
Emptied, to your mother brings?
In a thousand little things,
In a thousand little ways,
For a word or look of praise,
Dick is daily showing you
Dogs are faithful, and he begs,
Humbly on his hinder legs—
For a taste of supper too."

Happy sister! happy brother!
Friendship is a word of art
Spelt not by ye—each for other
Knows it truly in the heart.

That it yields a generous pleasure
Selfish man can ne'er dispute,
When he sees the priceless treasure
Shared with the deserving brute.

Philadelphia, 1837.

THE
NEW-YEAR'S GIFTS.

BY MISS LESLIE.

IT was New Year's morning 1718, and, to do honour to the holiday, the breakfast-table had been set in the best parlour belonging to the establishment of Mr. Clarke, a wealthy merchant of Boston, whose residence in the North Square was at that period considered the most elegant private mansion in the town. The weather was severely cold. An immense fire of huge logs (supported on extremely tall brass andirons, and brought far out on the hearth) tinted with its ruddy glow the beautiful carving of fruit and flowers that decorated the chimney-piece, and brightened the vivid pictures

which were painted on every panel of the wainscot. As the season was winter, the chief beauties of the tessellated floor (particularly the family coat of arms in the centre) were concealed under a square Turkey carpet; but round the outside of its edges a small uncovered space gave evidence of the infinite variety of the woods, and the taste and ingenuity of their general arrangement. The window seats and chairs were cushioned with velvet, corresponding with the curtains. Large oval looking-glasses, (the frames carved in foliage) inclined forward from the walls. Through the glass doors of the closets or beaufets that occupied the recesses, were seen on one side pyramids of India china arrayed in regular order, and at the other side was a rich display of silver plate, on every article of which was engraved the crowned swan, the ancient crest of the Clarkes; for in those days few Americans who derived from their European ancestors any claim to armorial bearings were never remiss in setting forth the distinction.

When Mr. Clarke came down to breakfast, he had a handsome new cane in his hand, and was followed by a servant carrying a large covered

basket, the sight of which excited much curiosity in his son Harry, and also in George and Lucy Ellis—two children who were on a visit at the house; their own parents having gone to Salem.

They were not long in suspense, for Mr. Clarke informed them that the basket contained New-Year's Gifts; and he immediately proceeded to distribute them. To Mrs. Clarke he presented a superb muff of black velvet, embroidered with gold, and decorated on one side with her initials in pearls; to little Lucy he gave a large French doll, richly dressed; to her brother George the abovementioned cane, which was finely clouded, and had a gold top and gold cord and tassels,—George having frequently expressed a wish for such a one.

“Now,” said George—who was very vain and foppish, “I can say that not a boy in Boston carries a cane equal to mine. If my mother would only consent to my wearing a wig, I know no one that could come up to me in what she calls the true look of real fashion.”

“Indeed,” said Mr. Clarke, “I must agree with my friend, your mother, in thinking that nothing is so becoming to a boy as his own hair. However

fashionable wigs may be, I have not yet seen a single child that looked well in one."

"So I think," exclaimed Harry; "and for my part, I would not for a hundred guineas be encumbered with a wig. I hate every thing that is inconvenient — and that was the reason I took my penknife yesterday, and cut away all the buckram lining from the skirt of my new coat. Why, it stood out like a shelf all round me!"

"And for my part," said George Ellis, "I would not abate one inch of *my* buckram for the world."

"Well, dear father," said Harry, "you seem in no haste to show me my New-Year's gift."

Mr. Clarke presented his son with an elegant set of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. — Harry received the books with proper respect; but his countenance did not brighten; and, in fact, he looked a little disappointed.

"You do not seem particularly delighted with my present," observed Mr. Clarke; — "I must confess I feared as much."

"Dear father," replied Harry, "I have already so many books — to tell the truth, I hoped you would have given me a pair of skates."

“Harry,” said his mother, “I have always refused my consent to your having skates. — Think of Edward Warren, who while skating on Charles River, broke through the ice, and was drowned.”

“It has given me much pain, Harry,” said Mr. Clarke, “to perceive that, with numerous good qualities, and with an understanding by no means of an inferior order, you seem to have an innate disrelish for books, and for every thing that can only be acquired by study. I have determined to indulge you for a time in reading works of fiction exclusively, in the hope that they may awaken in you a desire for literature of a more important description. I would rather see you passionately fond of the most extravagant story-books, than witness, as I do continually, your strange disinclination for all books whatever. I think if any thing like reading can possibly engage your attention, it will certainly be rivetted by these very amusing tales, with their faithful delineations of Oriental manners. They are really of Eastern origin; and these identical narratives are to this day related by the itinerant story tellers of Arabia, to the groupes that assemble round them at the coffee-houses, and other places

of public resort; the audience always listening with intense interest, and rewarding the narrator with a contribution in money, whenever he ceases. Monsieur Galland translated these tales from the Arabic into French, and the English version was made from his."

"Yes, father," replied Harry, looking tired. "I have no doubt of their all being very good stories; and, I dare say, they are entertaining enough to people that are fond of reading — but for my part ——"

"Harry," said his father, interrupting him, and pointing out the tale of the 'Forty Thieves,' — "I will only ask you to try this one as a specimen; and I am sure when you have finished it you will gladly read them all."

Harry took the volume; and, while his father was engaged with some letters he had just received, and his mother was preparing to pour out the coffee; while Lucy sat on a low stool, and played with her doll, and George took his hat, and strutted about the room, flourishing his new cane, and surveying himself in the glass — the reluctant reader established himself on the window seat; where he

reclined with one eye on the page, and the other on the street,—after having settled his position with considerable difficulty, as is always the case with persons to whom books are irksome.

Before he had time to get interested in the story, his attention was attracted by a sudden noise; and, looking out, he perceived that some boys, who were playing in the square before the house, had just completed a gigantic figure of snow, and were huzzaing in consequence.

“The snow-man has no hat,” exclaimed Harry; “I’ll just run out, and show them how to make him one.” He flew from the parlour with the book in his hand, and, throwing it hastily on the hall-table, he was out of doors in an instant, and busily engaged the next moment in assisting the boys.

His father looked after him, and sighed. — “My dear,” he said to Mrs. Clarke, “we have always been too indulgent to Harry. He knows that a mere reproof is the only punishment he need expect, whatever may be his misdemeanors.”

“His misdemeanors,” said the doating mother, “are only such as in time will correct themselves. Though I confess that he is impetuous and giddy,

and that as yet he shows no fondness for any thing that resembles study, yet I hope much from the excellence of his capacity, the goodness of his heart, and the generosity and kindness of his feelings."

"What surprises me most in Harry," said George Ellis, "and it is certainly his worst fault, is that he has no notion of his own dignity — no idea of keeping up his consequence: and when I talk to him on the subject, he only laughs, and says, 'that it is too much trouble for him to be always acting the gentleman.' And once he actually told me that he hated dignity, and hated consequence, and that he had none to support. I reminded him, of course, of his father's ships, and his mother's jewels, and of the fine house that he lives in, and of the elegant clothes that he could have for asking (though I do not believe he ever *does* ask for any). It's surprising how little he values these things. Why, one day, when he was playing in the common, he took the plume out of his new cocked-hat and divided it among the boys to feather their arrows."

"Come, George," said Mr. Clarke, interrupting this tirade, "breakfast is now quite ready."

"And really," pursued George, (as he seated himself carefully at the table, and spread out his skirts so that they could not be rumpled,) "it is absolutely amazing that Harry Clarke will play with any boy whatever, and that (instead of walking slowly up and down the Mall, as a young gentleman of family and fortune ought to do, or seating himself on his spread pocket-handkerchief, and reclining gracefully against the great elm,) the moment he gets on the Common, he scampers off towards the Mill-dam, where all the town boys resort — and he joins, that very instant, in their boisterous plays. — Wool-hats and fustian-jackets make no sort of difference with him. I do not believe he ever gives a thought to their style of dress. All he cares for is, that they should be what he calls good fellows, and that they should play well."

"We must hope that he may grow wiser in time," said Mr. Clarke smiling.

"He does not scruple to overlook, and indeed to overset young gentlemen of decided elegance,"

continued George, glancing his eye over his own suit of blue velvet laced with gold.

He was stopped short in his animadversions by the return of Harry, who came back in such a glow of exhilaration, and gave so animated a description of the improvements he had made in the snow-man, that his fond parents had not the heart to check his vivacity.

They had nearly finished breakfast, when a knock was heard at the front-door—and John, the servant-man, brought in a paper of verses, and announced that the news-carrier had come for his New-Year's gift. Mr. Clarke felt in his pocket and found that he had no change about him, and Mrs. Clarke had left her purse up-stairs.—“Tell the boy to come in and warm himself,” said she, “and desire Sally to bring me down my purse.”

The man delivered the message to the newspaper-boy; but they heard him reply that he would rather stay in the hall.

“Why, 'tis my friend Ben Franklin,” exclaimed Harry; “I see he has taken up the volume of the Arabian Nights that I left on the Hall-table; and

while he has a book in his hand he will feel no cold. But I will go and pull him in."

Suiting the action to the word, Harry immediately hauled in the reluctant printer-boy, who at first showed a disposition to resent the unceremonious kindness of young Clarke, but his attention being attracted by the paintings that ornamented the wainscot, he allowed himself to be conveyed into the parlour, where his eyes wandered with delight round the pictures, but rested not a moment on the splendid furniture, and the rich table equipage.

"Is not that what is called a printer's devil?" said George Ellis, edging his chair as far as possible from the boy.

"Oh! brother, brother," exclaimed little Lucy, "what naughty words you are saying! I am sure he is not at all black now, and his hands and face are very clean."

Mr. Clarke took up the New-Year's Address, which was printed on a small narrow slip of paper, with a rude wood-cut at the top, representing a postman blowing his horn. "These verses are really not bad," said he; "I should like to know who is the author."

"There he stands," cried Harry; "this is he, I am sure that Ben Franklin wrote them (clapping him on the shoulder). Why, the boys all know that Ben can make verses."

"Harry," said Mr. Clarke, "hand him this basket of cake."

Young Franklin bashfully declined the cake; but Harry seized him, and forced a large piece into each pocket.

"I suppose, boy," said George, "you never had an opportunity of tasting plum-cake before, and I dare say you have had but a scanty breakfast."

The young printer coloured. "I breakfasted this morning at my father's house."

"Well, and what of that?" resumed George.

"My father," answered the boy, "is a plain mechanic, and he lives as such people ought. — Nevertheless, though our food is simple, it has never yet been scanty, and we all this morning had as much as we could eat, and so we have always."

"Indeed!" said George, with a sneer, "and pray tell us what this same abundant breakfast might consist of? Beans and homminy, I suppose."

Upon this, Harry cast a menacing look at George,

and doubled his fist; but, at a glance from his mother, he opened it again, saying, "I forgot he was a visiter."

"To a boy of your mind and feelings," said Mr. Clarke, addressing the young printer, "it must be very irksome to go about soliciting New-Year's Gifts."

"I do not solicit," replied Franklin; "I never ask twice. It is almost the only means I have of obtaining ——" He stopped, and remained silent.

The maid, Sally, then entered with Mrs. Clarke's purse, for which, she said, she had had a long search, it not having been left in the usual place. Mrs. Clarke took out a five shilling piece, called in English coinage a crown, and offered it to Franklin. The boy advanced to take it, and thanked the lady in a few words.

"Well," said George, "for a person that is not poor enough to consider plum-cake any object, you seem very glad to get that crown. I suppose you prefer buying your own cakes."

Harry again clenched his fist at George, and was again restrained by Mrs. Clarke.

"Harry Clarke," said Franklin, "I should like

to speak with you a moment in the hall—that is if the lady will give permission.”

He bowed to Mr. and Mrs. Clarke in a manner that set George tittering, and went out, accompanied with alacrity by Harry. — George got up, and was following to hear what they were going to say, but Harry shut the door in his face.

“Harry,” said Franklin, “I will acknowledge to you, that (after I have bought a present for my mother) all the money I shall collect as New-Year’s Gifts, will be devoted to the purchase of books. I heard you regretting the other day, that you had spent all your weekly allowance at once, and that you would have no more until next Monday, though you were very desirous of buying a humming-top that we saw at the toy-shop. Now I will make a bargain with you. I’ll give you this silver crown which your mother has just presented to me, if you will lend me — observe, I only say *lend* — if you will lend me these books of the Arabian tales, and allow me to have the reading of them, and let me take this volume home with me.”

“As to the books,” replied Harry, “if they were not a New-Year’s gift from my father, I would not

hesitate an instant to make you a present of them. But as to the crown-piece, I shall not take it. I can easily wait till Monday for the humming-top; or, indeed, if I was to coax my father a little, I dare say he would give me the money at once. Only I don't like to take advantage of his kindness; and the last time I asked him for my allowance in advance, I promised that I would never again make such a request. The truth is, I *do* spend too much money, and my father is right in trying to check my profuseness. However, you are quite welcome to the books, and I am sorry that I have never offered to lend you any. But it is too true, that somehow books are things that seldom come into my head. Why did not you ask me?"

"Because," said Franklin, "though you *do* play with me on the Common and at Valley Acre, and are sociable and friendly enough, yet I remember always what I have heard my father say, that when common people happen to have any intercourse with great people, they had better avoid encroaching too much, lest they should be considered forward and obtrusive, and meet with a mortifying repulse. I have also heard him remark, that most great

people (kings in particular) are like cats, and though they purr round you one minute, they may scratch you the next."

"But I am not the least of a cat," said Harry. "To be sure I am often inclined to fly at that sickening fellow George Ellis; and if he had not been a visiter, I should have settled him long ago."

"Well," said Franklin, "I shall be very glad indeed to give this crown-piece for the reading of the Arabian Nights. I know no one else that has the book, and I find it mentioned in the Spectator, in a manner which convinces me that it is delightful. As this is a holiday, I shall have time to read — and, besides, I can easily sit up all night. I often do so when I borrow a book that must be returned immediately. You may be sure I will take great care of it, and bring this volume back to you to-morrow. So here is the money, and now you can go and buy the humming-top."

"Indeed I shall do no such thing as take that money," replied Harry. "Why, Ben, you do not scruple to borrow books of Dick Jackson, and Ned Jones, and Tom Smith."

“No,” answered Franklin, “because they are boys of my own class, and I lend them *my* books in return; for, like myself, they have but few. But the sons of rich men have books enough of their own, and do not want to borrow from people in my station. I would not much hesitate to accept favours from grown gentlemen; but I do not like to be under obligations to *boys* that are above me.”

“Well, Ben,” said Harry, “you are a strange fellow. But I know that lately you have been very full of independence and heroism, and all such things, from having read a good deal about the Greeks and Romans. You shall have both volumes *now*, for I am in no hurry to read them, and would rather defer it till I feel more in the humour, if that should ever be.”

Harry then ran into the parlour, and instantly flew back again with the other volume.

“You must take this crown,” said Franklin, “or I will not take the books.”

Harry paused a moment, and then took the crown—resolved in his own mind to make Franklin resume it when he returned the books.

“And now,” said Franklin, — “say that you don’t think me an object of charity.”

“I don’t indeed,” replied Harry, smiling, and shaking him by the hand; “I see you are thinking of George Ellis’s impertinence; but never mind — sensible boys need not care a farthing for the insolence of fools.”

Franklin now took his leave, and Harry returned to the parlour. On being asked by his mother why he remained so long in the hall talking to the newspaper boy, he replied that he had been lending him the Arabian Nights, as he knew poor Ben would take more pleasure in reading them than he himself should.

“I am sorry,” said Mr. Clarke, “that you are in so little haste to avail yourself of my New-Year’s gift.”

“Indeed, father,” replied Harry, “I cannot dissemble, and pretend to like books better than I really do. It would take me two or three months to get through those volumes; and I have no doubt of Ben Franklin’s devouring every line of them in less than three days, and faithfully performing his task in his brother’s printing-office besides.”

“Now tell me exactly who this Ben Franklin is,” said Mr. Clarke, “and how you became acquainted with him.”

“Why,” replied Harry — “he is the youngest son of old Joshua Franklin, the tallow-chandler and soap-boiler — George, you need not turn up your nose. It was at first intended that he should be brought up to his father’s trade, and he was for a while employed in cutting wicks and filling candle moulds — but very naturally disliking such jobs, he is now with his brother, James Franklin, learning the printing business. I first met with him on the Common among the boys who go there to play; and also on the cricket-ground at Valley Acre. He is the very best player I ever saw; nothing comes amiss to him, and he has taught us many new diversions, some of them his own invention. He is also very ingenious in making things in wood and metal, and he has even some knowledge of drawing. — But, after all, his chief delight is in books; when he gets a new one, we see nothing of him on the play-ground till he has read it. He always tries to become acquainted with boys who have books; and it is much to his credit that he

takes excellent care of all he borrows, and that he punctually returns them."

"Persons who are fond of reading are always careful of books," observed Mr. Clarke; "but how is it that you have never before lent him any of yours?"

"I don't know," replied Harry; "I often thought of offering to do so — but then I always forgot it again. I am sorry for my remissness, for I recollect hearing several weeks ago, that he had exhausted the stock of every body he knew — and I suppose that latterly he has been at a loss for something to read, as he has frequented the play-ground more than usual. Sometimes when he gets to discussing books with John Collins and others of the reading boys, he forgets to play, and you would be surprised to hear how sensibly he talks. Altogether Ben Franklin is the best fellow I know."

"Poor boy," said Mr. Clarke, "how hard he tries to acquire knowledge! And you (who besides having free access to my library,) have books lavished on you almost without number, cannot be prevailed on to read a single one of them through. Mark my words: I prophesy that this Benjamin Franklin

will eventually become a great man, and that his name will be an honour to his country, and to the world, when yours is forgotten."

We will now proceed with Franklin, who almost fancied himself in paradise when he walked off with the Arabian Tales under his arm; and as it was a holiday, he felt strongly inclined to relinquish all further pursuit of New-Year's Gifts, and to shut himself up for the remainder of the day with his new acquisition. But he thought of the happiness of being able to procure some other books with the money he might collect, and he had a great desire to possess a complete set of the Spectator, of which, as yet, he had only been able to obtain the reading of one or two odd volumes. Inspired by this hope, he pursued his rounds with increased alacrity of step.

After calling at several other houses, he came to the residence of Mr. Inflict Bangs; a schoolmaster, who once, for a short time, had numbered Franklin among his pupils, and who was now preparing himself for the ministry, with a full disposition to carry into that holy profession all the gloomy austerity and unjustifiable rigour which had characterised his

rule as an instructor of youth. He was a yellowish, bitter-faced man, with a harsh, croaking voice: and though thin and bony, he had prodigious strength of arm, of which the majority of his scholars had daily experience; particularly those who were deficient, not in application to their books, but in rich relations.

Mr. Bangs was seated at his desk when young Franklin was ushered into his study — a little front room on one side of the street door. — “Come in, boy,” said he, without looking up, “and wait till I have finished this page.” Franklin went to the window, and turning his face towards it, he opened a volume of the Arabian Nights, and began to read; being unwilling to lose time while waiting.

When Mr. Bangs had completed his page, he looked over the New-Year’s Ode which Franklin had laid on his desk, and contracting his brows to more than their usual frown, he pronounced it “wretched stuff,” and inquired what vain fool had written it. He asked this question twice before he was heard by Franklin, who stood at the window absorbed in his book.

“Boy,” said Bangs, turning sternly round,

“ what is it takes your attention? Let me see the book that has made you forget in whose presence you stand. It is well for you that you are not still my pupil, — though wholesome chastisement can never come amiss. I tell you to give me the book.”

Franklin approached, and reluctantly presented the volume. Mr. Bangs took it, looked through it; and groaned. “ Great,” he exclaimed, “ is the abomination of the times, particularly in this degenerate town. Every day I meet with something to assure me that a terrible punishment is hanging over Boston. Boy, I have heard of this wicked book, but hoped that it had not found its way across the ocean. It is filled with genii and magic — with strange transformations, and with palaces of gold and diamonds.”

“ Then I am sure it must be very entertaining,” observed Franklin.

“ Answer me not in that tone,” resumed Bangs, “ but give me the other volume,” taking it from under Franklin’s arm; and before the amazed boy could rescue them from his grasp, he had thrown both the books into the fire, and they were in a moment consumed in the blaze.

“There let them burn,” said the relentless bigot, “as I hope their heathen authors are now burning in another world. Entertaining, forsooth! what right have people to read for entertainment? If they fulfil their duties properly, there will be no time for recreation. Are not all books of fiction made up of lies? and what good man can endure a lie in any shape whatever?”

Poor Franklin stood swelling with grief for the loss of the books, and resentment at their destroyer; and it was with great difficulty he restrained himself from attempting immediate vengeance on the person of Bangs, who waved his hand pompously towards the door, and said, “Now, boy, depart in peace: I have given you a wholesome lesson, to remember as long as you live. Thank me as you ought.”

“Thank you!” exclaimed Franklin, almost choking with vexation, — “thank you for what? I’ll die before I’ll thank you! To say nothing of your depriving me of the pleasure of reading these books, which I had set my heart on, you have shamefully destroyed what was not my own property, and which I know not how to replace. The books were lent to me by Harry Clarke, and only

this morning they were given to him by his father."

"What, the rich Mr. Clarke of North Square!" said Bangs in a voice of dismay; "boy, why did not you tell me this at first? Mr. Clarke is a man of standing and influence."

Franklin, still trembling with suppressed emotion, now opened the door to go out, when Mr. Bangs called him back and said to him, in a voice he intended for a mild one, but which was only more nasal than ordinary—"My young friend, Benny Franklin, there is no need of your mentioning this small error into which I have been strangely betrayed. It is better that you should keep it to yourself: I perceive not the least necessity for your repeating the circumstance."

"But there is," replied Franklin; "how else shall I account to Harry Clarke for the loss of his Arabian Nights? I have been borrowing books ever since I was five years old, and never before has any thing happened to a single one of them while in my possession."

"Benny," said Mr. Bangs, "there are many just and good men who have not thought it sinful to

stretch a point when the end justified the means. There is authority for such divergements from the straight path. You may represent that the books fell accidentally into the fire; and my name need not appear in the statement."

"What," exclaimed Franklin, "and incur for myself the blame of the very worst sort of carelessness?"

"I am not sure, after all," pursued Bangs, "that the misadventure was not purely accidental; it seems to me that the books fell by chance from my hand, and unluckily just where the flames happened to catch them."

"They did not! they did not!" cried Franklin; "I saw you put them into the fire in the very place where the blaze was fiercest. You *know* you did it on purpose."

"You are a shrewd, ingenious boy," continued Bangs, laying his hand on the head of Franklin, who instantly drew it away in disgust, "and you can find no difficulty in giving a convenient statement of the passage that has taken place in relation to these books; and Benny hold out your hand, — here are a half-a-dozen shillings for your New-

Year's gift, if you will act in this thing according to my desire."

This was too much for Franklin's patience ; and scattering the shillings indignantly on the floor, he darted out of the house.

Though endowed with much natural strength of mind, and possessed of intelligence far beyond his years, poor Franklin was still but a boy ; and as soon as he got into the street he leaned his forehead against a post, and cried as if his heart was breaking.

But he soon rallied ; and drying his tears, he made a determination to appropriate nearly all his money to buying another equally handsome set of the Arabian Nights, to replace that of Harry Clarke.

He proceeded on his tour, and omitted not a single house in which his brother's newspaper was taken. But in those days seldom more than a few pence was given by each family to the carrier : he knew the general price of books, and he found all that he was able to collect insufficient to purchase so expensive a one, after he had deducted the cost of an India silk pocket-handkerchief for his mother.

And the only pleasant feeling he had during the remainder of the day, was when he laid this little present on the lap of his kind parent, and when she kissed him in return, and called him her good Ben, and said she had been wanting such a handkerchief for years.

Still, he determined not to allow himself to be tempted to lay out another farthing of his money ; but to keep it inviolate, in the firm hope (and young people are always sanguine,) that some unforeseen event would put him in possession of a sufficiency to make out the desired sum.

Franklin had hitherto been only on trial in the printing-office, and had continued to live at his father's ; but after this day he was to enter into a regular apprenticeship with his brother James, and was to board with him and his other boys at a house in the immediate neighbourhood of the establishment. He was now kept very close at work, and his brother (who never showed him any kindness after he had him entirely in his power,) generally found something for him to do beyond the regular working hours : and as the days were short, and the weather very bad, he was no longer able to

play on the Common. He passed a dreary week; and, to add to his discomfort, he had no book to read.

He was very desirous of seeing Harry Clarke again, yet he had not courage to knock at the door and inquire for him. But every day when he went to leave the newspaper, he lingered about for a minute or two, hoping to obtain a glimpse of him, and to have an opportunity of making an explanation.

At last, in a lucky moment, after leaving the paper under the knocker, he perceived Harry at the parlour-window, and his warm-hearted friend immediately ran out to bring him in. — Franklin, however, would proceed no farther than the entry, (the place that boys generally prefer for their confabulations,) and George Ellis came down stairs at the same moment, having just been changing his dress after sitting for his portrait. Mrs. Clarke was only desirous of possessing a likeness of her little favourite Lucy; but she had concluded to have both the children painted together, rather than run the risk of offending their mother, who had

always made a pet of George in preference to his sister, and had completely spoiled him.

“Well, my friend Ben,” said Harry, shaking him heartily by the hand, “I have not seen you for a week, but I suppose you have been lost in the Arabian Nights. You need not hurry yourself to return the book for a month or two yet, as I shall not have a moment’s time to read it. The weather has now cleared up, my mother has consented to my getting a pair of skates, and I have a great deal before me: as much skating, and snow-balling, and sliding, as I can possibly do.”

Franklin, then, in much confusion, explained the fate of the book precisely as it had happened.

Loud and high was the indignation of Harry against Inflict Bangs—not exactly for burning the book, but for burning it before Franklin had read it. But George Ellis, who stood listening at the bottom of the stairs, called out, “Why, Harry, can you believe this fine story? don’t you see, that after this chap had read your book, he went and sold it to buy others with the money?”

At these words Franklin instantly sprung forward and caught George by his lace collar, exclaiming,

"Beg my pardon this moment, and go down on your knees and own yourself a liar, or I'll shake you till you do."

"Now Ben, go off," said Harry; "George Ellis is my property. Leave him to me, and I'll pay him for all at once. But go off, I tell you, or I can't touch him; for two to one won't do."

"No, no," answered Franklin, "I am well able to fight my own battles." And he shook George Ellis till his cries brought Mr. Clarke out of the library; and in another minute the whole household had assembled in the hall.

The boys were immediately parted by Mr. Clarke, and Harry eagerly recounted the whole story to his father. Mr. Clarke was much incensed at what had been said and done by Inflict Bangs, and declared that he could well believe it, as it was in conformity with much that he had heard of him. And he reprimanded George severely for the insult he had offered to the integrity of Franklin.

"Well," said George, sulkily, "my father and mother will be in town again in a few days, and they will take me home. I am sure I shall be glad of it, for I have no desire to be abused any farther

by Harry on account of his ragamuffin printer-boy."

"I am no ragamuffin," said Franklin; "for my mother always keeps my every day-clothes well mended, and I have a good suit for Sunday. I know I have a patch on each knee, but nothing like a rag."

"And now, Ben," said Harry, going close to him and speaking in a low voice, "I must give you back your crown-piece."

Franklin changed colour, snatched up his bundle of newspapers, and immediately ran off, saying, "I have stayed too long — I must make haste with my papers."

That evening a servant of Mr. Clarke's came to the printing-office with a billet inscribed, "For Benjamin Franklin." It was from Harry, and enclosed the said crown, accompanied by the following words:

"Dear Ben, — No more heroics — they don't suit people of sense, therefore they don't suit *you*. Listen now to plain, sober, quiet reason. You must and shall take the crown-piece. If you return

it, I'll throw it immediately into the street, and never speak to you again while I live on earth.

"I've bought the great humming-top, having received my week's allowance on Monday. It hums so loudly that you may hear it half over the North End.

"Yours till death,

"(for of course you'll keep the crown,)

"H. C."

Franklin pondered a few minutes, and at last wisely concluded to put up the crown-piece with the rest of his money. And he felt happy once more ; for he found that he had now enough to buy the Arabian Nights. The day after New-Year's he had priced in a book store a set similar to Harry's, (except that the binding though equally handsome, was green instead of red,) and which they told him was the only copy in town.

Next morning he bought the book, and had sixpence left. I need not say with what avidity he snatched every leisure moment, and how late he sate up at night, till he had gone through the volumes, so fascinating to all young people when

they read them the first time. When he had finished, he tied them up in a paper cover, which he inscribed, "For Master Henry Clarke, from Benjamin Franklin;" and carrying the parcel to the house, he gave it in charge of John, and went away immediately. On the following day Mr. Clarke sent Franklin, as a present, a complete set of the Spectator handsomely bound, and also a kind note, offering to lend him from his library any books that he had a desire to read, and urging him to apply for them without scruple. And Harry added a line, saying, "You know you shall always be welcome to any of mine."

Franklin was as glad as if he had met with a mine of gold. He was now in a fair way of obtaining as many books as he could find time to read. Other gentlemen took notice of him, and extended to him the same kindness. And he was occasionally enabled to buy a book which it was desirable to read more than once, or to consult frequently.

The intense interest in books that was always evinced by this poor boy, and his earnest efforts to procure them, made eventually a deep impression on Harry Clarke. He began to think that there

really *must* be something delightful in reading, and he made a resolution to try it seriously, and to persevere in it if possible. In a short time he conquered his repugnance so far as to find great pleasure in story books and other works of imagination; and after a while (we must confess it was a long while,) he came to take equal interest in literature of a higher class. The improvement of his mind was of course rapid and obvious, and caused much happiness to his fond parents. Still he liked to play on the Common.

The death of George Ellis's injudicious mother, and his father's subsequent marriage with a sensible and amiable woman, wrought so great a change for the better in the young fopling, that in process of time he gradually got rid of his impertinence, his arrogance, and even of his vanity, and he grew up a very respectable member of society.

The leading events of the life of Dr. Franklin are, or ought to be, known to most of my young readers. To those who are yet unacquainted with the history of that truly great man, I earnestly recommend a little book (first published in Boston, in 1825,) containing his life as written by himself

up to the period of his marriage, and afterwards continued by one of his intimate friends; and comprising also an entertaining and instructive selection of his miscellaneous essays.

To return to our story: after Franklin had left Boston at the age of sixteen to seek his fortune in another city, the Clarke family lost sight of him for many years. But he went on and prospered; and they derived much satisfaction from the evidence of his celebrity that gradually extended over every part of America. In after life Harry Clarke visited Europe; and was at Versailles when his old friend Benjamin Franklin (once the poor printer, and now the distinguished philosopher and highly trusted diplomatist,) was presented to the King and Queen of France, and honoured by the wisest and courted by the noblest of the land.

THE
GRAVE OF FRANKLIN.*

No chisell'd urn is rear'd to thee,
No sculptur'd scroll unrolls its page
To tell the children of the free
Where rests the patriot and the sage.

Far in that city of the dead,
A corner holds thy sacred clay;
And pilgrim feet, by reverence led,
Have worn a path that marks the way.

* Franklin lies interred in the northwest corner of Christ Church Cemetery — Fifth and Arch street — Philadelphia.

There, round thy lone and simple grave,
 Encroaching on its marble gray,
Wild plaintain weeds and tall grass wave,
 And sun-beams pour their shadeless ray.

Level with earth thy letter'd stone —
 And hidden oft by winter's snow —
Its modest record tells alone
 Whose dust it is that sleeps below.

That name's enough — that honour'd name
 No aid from eulogy requires —
'Tis blended with thy country's fame;
 And flashes round her lightning spires.

C. H. W.



E. Landseer R.A. Pinx.

G. H. Cushman Sculp.

LAURETTA'S FAWN.

LAURETTA'S FAWN.

BY MISS LESLIE.

LITTLE LAURETTA had a pet fawn that had been brought to her as a present on her last birthday, by an old hunter that lived in the depth of the forest about ten miles from her father's residence, and was in the practice of supplying the family with venison.

The place in which Lauretta kept her fawn was a shady and retired spot, just beyond the lawn, and at the entrance of a small piece of woodland. It was called the Glade, and was beautiful and picturesque beyond description. The hand of nature had fenced it round with moss-covered rocks, between which there was only one passage,

and that very narrow and intricate — tall trees and flowering-shrubs grew out from the scanty earth that filled up the crevices of these wild masses of stone, in one of which was a little cavity, the sleeping place of the fawn; and under the shadow of another piece of rock, a spring of clear cold water welled up perpetually, and formed a little brooklet which ran rippling among the bushes.

The Glade was the favourite retreat of Lauretta, when her lessons were over; and being a very patriotic little girl, she was most happy at being permitted in fine weather to have the remains of an old revolutionary flag (that had been in the family since her grandfather had served in the war of Independence,) affixed to the trees at the only place which admitted the sun-beams in their full effulgence; though it must be confessed that her pet in his gambols frequently pulled down this interesting curtain. Here, seated on a rustic bench, she would sew at her doll's clothes, or read her story-books; much interrupted, however, by the frequent necessity of looking at, and caressing her beloved fawn.

It was the morning of the fourth of July, when Laretta, in addition to his usual luncheon of fruit and milk, brought him some sweet cakes, by way of a holiday treat; and though he at first drew back as not knowing what to make of food so novel to a wild native of the forest, he very soon relished them extremely. She had filled her frock-skirt with flowers from her own little garden, to decorate his young horns, which were still encased in their velvet-like covering; and she graced with a new blue ribbon the bell suspended at his neck. Also, Laretta had brought the cat (her other, but very secondary pet,) to see her darling fawn; and she was disappointed to find that the two animals could not be induced to notice each other.

Having fed and adorned the young deer, Laretta put in practice a plan which she had devised of taking him up to the house, by way of adding to his happiness and hers on the glorious fourth of July. She easily enticed him beyond the limits of the Glade, by holding out her hand for him to lick as he followed her; for to lick the hand of his little mistress was a pleasure of which he never seemed to tire. In this manner she led

him across the lawn, and introduced him into the chief parlour by one of its glass-doors. There happened at the time to be no person in the room, and Laretta was going to apprise the family of their new visiter, when after gazing round for a few moments in amazement, he sprung over his mistress's head, and began bounding over the chairs and tables, with such leaps as he would have taken in his native forest. Having pulled down and broken to pieces a vase of exotics, scattering about the floor all the other ornaments of the centre-table, he devoured the fallen flowers in a moment, and then jumped on an ottoman in one of the recesses to reach another flower-vase that stood at the end of the mantel-piece. The noise that he made, and the exclamations of Laretta (who thought he would demolish every thing, — herself included,) soon brought the whole family to the parlour, where they found the fawn rearing with his fore-feet on the open piano, as he tried in vain to clamber on its polished surface, and pricking up his ears, and looking amazed and frightened at the sounds his pawings involuntarily drew from the keys of the instrument. There were various

attempts to catch him by the collar, but he eluded all, and bounded out of another door that opened into the flower-garden. Here, while engaged in rapidly eating off all the roses from the most beautiful bush, he was secured by one of the men-servants and led back to the Glade.

“Oh!” said Lauretta; “I am very sorry that my dear fawn has behaved in this outrageous manner—I thought it would be so delightful to have him in the parlour, as familiar as poor puss.”

“My dear little girl,” said her father — “the house is no place for so wild and active an animal. So let him in future remain in the Glade. When you become acquainted with the world, you will find that there are many human beings who, when removed from their proper stations, and their usual habits, will play more fantastic tricks and do still more mischief than a fawn in the parlour.”

THE
INDIAN GIRL.

IN the heart of one of those deep palm forests of Peru, where the beams of the glad sun rarely pierce, far from his persecuted brethren, dwelt one of that unhappy race of Indians. He was a father; five children had brightened his eye, four proud noble boys and one a tender girl, resembling most the fawn that roved wildly amid the woods, and she alone remained to share his solitude. Pizarro's followers had winged the shafts that bore death into the hearts of three, and one son watched the bright sun rise and set from a grated, prison window. How did his heart yearn, that noble boy's, to tread once more the green savannahs, and to chase yet once again the wild deer amid

the forests, and more, far more, to braid his sister's raven hair with flowers; for it was hard, oh very hard, for one who had lived under the blue sky, and ever breathed the breath of freedom, to be fettered there. Alone the Indian dwelt, save with that young girl; the names of his children were strangers to his lips; but they were fixed for ever in his heart. Revenge, revenge, filled his whole soul; glared in his eye, that had never shed a tear, save one, one burning drop that had rolled down his swarthy cheek when he heard his youngest son lay in Pizarro's dungeon; yes, then the old man wept, but it was in the forest solitude, where no eye, not even his Meloé's, might gaze on his sorrow. He had left his tribe, to seek in the deep recesses of the mountains, some refuge, where he might await the long prayed-for moment, and drink the heart's blood of those who had drank so greedily of his. It was only when he gazed on his young child, as she returned home laden with the fruits she had rifled from tree and bush for her father, that his knitted brows relaxed, and his stern features softened into something like a smile. She came like a ray of light when it pierces the storm-shrouded sky, or

like a spirit to soothe the struggle that dwelt in the old man's heart.

Every day he went out to hunt, and when the hour approached for his return she trod the well known paths to meet him; many a time she would sit down by the edge of some cool spring and wash her weary feet, and weave garlands of the water lilies that trembled on the water's bosom, and then the thoughts of those who had so often woven them for her in the sunny hours of her infancy, rushed across her memory, and the lone Indian girl would weep; but her tears fell most when she thought of her Orozimbo, her youngest brother, the Spaniard's prisoner. "Oh my brother, my brother," she murmured, "thou, whose smile was bright as the rising sun, and gentle as the moon, who wert brave as the tiger, and yet tender as the fawn, whose foot was as the arrow in its fleetness, and whose eye was so keen! they have chained thee, — they have torn thee from thy home, — never wilt thou smile again, or chase the wild deer along the gay savannah; better would it have been for thee, if thou wert cold with thy brothers."

For two long years the Indian girl had lived in

the palm forest, and every day her father had gone forth to hunt. But once the sun had set in rosy clouds below the trees, and the evening shadows were dark and gloomy. Méloé had listened long and anxiously for his home-turned footsteps; twice she had trod the path that led to the deep ravine, beyond which her father had forbidden her to go; and now she sat beneath the tall tree that shaded their little hut, and waited, with a heavy heart, his coming.

At last he came, but not alone; there was a stranger with him, and he was fettered; the stranger was a Spaniard, and very young; Meloé's heart beat fast, for she knew well that when a Spaniard crossed her father's threshold, he came for no good. Once she gazed with a pitying eye on the young stranger, for his step was weary and his limbs were tightly bound; and her heart whispered, "that was my brother;" and then she looked on her father, but his face was stern, and on it sat a look of triumph.

"Rejoice, Meloé," he said, "thou shalt drink of the white man's blood, the hand that killed thy

brother shall perish. To-day the Indian shall be revenged."

But Meloé could not smile, and her heart sickened within her. The Indian led his captive into the hut, and placed him in a little room; then he twisted the bamboo fetters round his arms and legs still tighter, and smiled to hear him groan. "Sleep," said he, "for thou shalt not sleep again; to-morrow the tiger shall lap thy blood!" Then he left him; but ordered his child to give him food, lest the victim should expire before he had experienced sufficient torment. Meloé took the cocoa nut full of cool milk and the tamarind to quench his thirst, and when she knelt down beside the young stranger, there was no hate in her heart. He murmured "mother, mother," and Meloé, who knew the words, felt the big tears on her cheeks. She left him, and her father bade her sleep; she laid herself down upon her bed, but it was in vain that she closed her eyes, for the image of the captive floated ever before them. "And he has a mother in a far land," thought she, "and sisters, perhaps, who are watching for him. Alas! that one so young should die. No one will weep

over his grave in the stranger's land! Could it be a sin to give him life? perchance he might save my brother's. No! he shall not die if Meloé can save him." The Indian girl looked around: her father lay stretched upon the rushes that formed his couch, and was asleep; trembling, she arose and walked with a light step toward the room where the prisoner lay; she listened and heard his groans; she seized the tomahawk that lay on the floor, and entered the chamber. The Spaniard raised himself up, but immediately sank again to the floor. "Fear not," whispered the maiden. "I am an Indian, yet I will save thee; thou hast a mother; for her sake Meloé will save thee. But speak not, move not, for my father sleeps." Brightly beamed the eye of the captive, as she loosened his fetters; and lightly he sprang up from the ground. "Follow me," said the Indian girl, and she opened a door that led into the forest; silently she guided his footsteps, till they came to the dark ravine. "Now listen, stranger," said she, "had I not saved thee this night, never would thy mother have smiled again on her son. I had four brothers; three have the white man's fire

killed; but one, the youngest, pines a captive, even as thou — had not Meloé freed thee — in the Spaniard's dungeon; he was born in the forest, and was like a wild deer, — wilt thou not save him for Meloé's sake."

"I will, I will; by the life thou hast given me, I will," said the stranger.

"Then speed thee; Orozimbo is the captive's name; Pizarro guards him." — As the Indian girl said this, she saw that the stranger's feet were bleeding, and she knelt down and tied on them her own mocasins; the stranger kissed the hand that had saved him, and then plunged into the chasm below, and was lost in a moment to the eye of the young Indian.

Alone, Meloé returned to her couch; her father still slept; and she hastily fastened the door that led into the chamber where the Spaniard had lain. When the morning sun rose, the Indian awoke, but his captive was gone. Oh, how dark grew his brow, when he found he was no longer there. For a whole day he searched the forest through; but saw him not, and Meloé was glad. Many a time the sun rose and set, but the stranger came not,

nor were tidings heard of Orozimbo. Meloé's heart grew desolate; as a flower that has been crushed, she faded away, and her father bent over his only child in sorrow; she grew weaker and weaker, till at last she said, "Father, I shall soon die, take me out that I may see the blue sky once more, and feel the breath of the summer wind on my hot cheek; and, father, weave me a garland of flowers for my hair, yet once again."

The Indian bore his child into the air, and laid her down on the grass, and then he set beside her; he had not watched her long, when he heard suddenly a rustling amid the trees, as he raised his eyes from his child, and the stranger stood once more before them; there was another from behind, a tall, dark Indian. Meloé uttered a cry, "It is he; it is Orozimbo, father! it is he!" The old man gazed on the Indian, who had sprung to his knees, and once again the burning tears flowed swiftly down his furrowed cheek. "I have fulfilled my trust," said the Spaniard. "Indian, I have saved thy son, wilt thou slay me? Meloé," said he, in a softer voice, "I was not ungrateful. My mother has blessed the Indian girl."

Meloé gazed once, long and fondly, on her brother, and then on the stranger, and said, "Father, thou wilt not harm him whom thy child has loved." She sighed, fell back on the grass,—and Meloé was no more.

J. T.

Philadelphia.

THE END.





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